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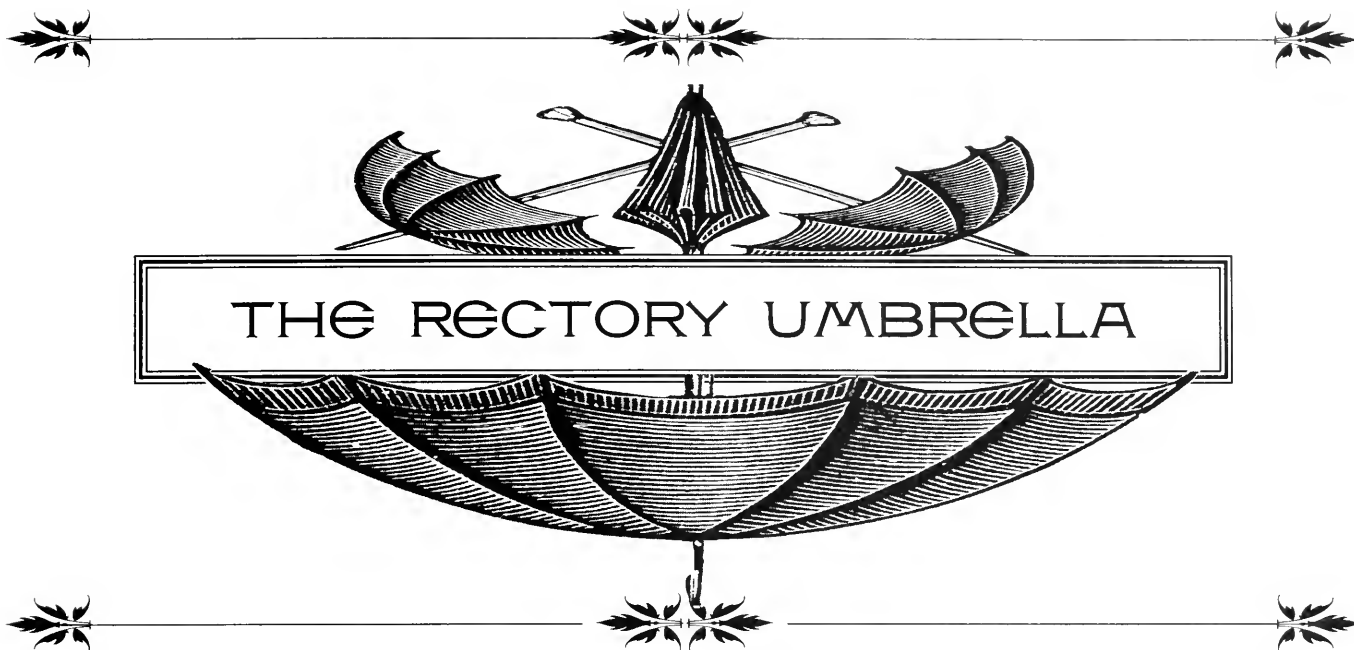
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Tingle, tingle! Avast there, reader! While we were tempted to render this issue as a perfect and absolute blank, we went below deck and found we had too many confections and piquant treasures to share—to quote Ira Gershwin, “of jam and spice, there’s a paradise in the hold.” So here be the spoils, including (but not limited to, as the Bar-rister thoughtfully reminds us) August Imholtz’s appreciative write-up of our fall 2008 meeting, Nancy Willard’s beautiful speech on Carrollian inspiration from said event, a delightfully thought-provoking essay on size in Wonderland by her pupil Jacob Strick, more insightful mini-essays from Matt Demakos, “The Mad Gardener’s Song” in Latin courtesy of Dr. Judith Hallett, and even an art critique and interview from yours truly about Jett Jackson’s latest *Alice*-themed

work. And that’s not to mention all the reviews, notes, jabberings, and prizes to be found serendipitously in our usual columns. Remarkably, we have no Sic, Sic, Sic entries to report in this issue, and while that’s actually a good thing, we fully expect some typically jaw-dropping (and perversely entertaining, the Butcher adds) Carrollian misquotes to surface in time for our next issue. But for now, your course lies straight ahead on the following pages. Set sail, noble reader. And enjoy.

ANDREW SELLON



THE AMBASSADOR, THE POET, THE COMPOSER, & THE ILLUSTRATOR

AUGUST A. IMHOLTZ, JR.

The iron petticoat of scaffolding, which had marred the view of architect Philip Johnson's red sandstone Elmer Holmes Bobst Library of New York University as one crossed Washington Square at our last visit two years ago, thankfully had been removed. On a gray and, for New York City, seasonably cool Saturday morning, October 25, 2008, about fifty-two Carrollians and guests made their way across the Escheresque ground floor of the Bobst and took the elevators to the third floor, where the Fales Library is housed. Marvin Taylor, Fales Librarian, graciously welcomed us, as he has done so many times in the past.

LCSNA President Andrew Sellon opened the Fall 2008 meeting at 11:00 a.m. by thanking Marvin Taylor, Elizabeth Wiest of Collections and Research Services, and Dean Carol Mandel for hosting us once again. Andrew also thanked Disney Publishing representatives Kelsey Skea, Jennifer Corcoran, and Nellie Kurtzman, and introduced our first speaker, Jon Scieszka, the renowned children's author who earlier this year was named our first National Ambassador for Young People's Literature by Dr. James Billington,

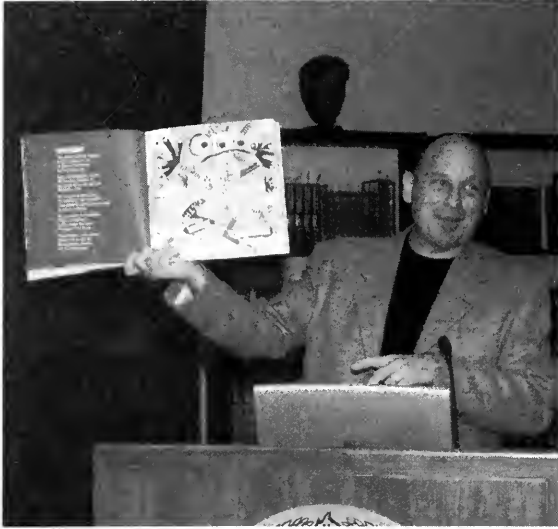
the Librarian of Congress. Jon even brought his hefty Ambassador's medal along, playfully posing with it for a flurry of impromptu photographs. Jon first told us a little about himself: his life growing up with his four brothers, his experiences teaching grades one to eight at the Day School for ten years in New York, how he became interested in Lewis Carroll, and of course how that longtime interest manifests itself in his works, most recently in his *Walt Disney's Alice in Wonderland* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue).

He has also written the brilliantly amusing and successful *The True Story of the 3 Little Pigs*, Caldecott Honor Book *The Stinky Cheese Man and Other Fairly Stupid Tales*, and other works, and is the founder of the Guys Read literacy initiative. He wrote a very humorous parody of Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky" called "Gobblegooky," which may be found in his *Science Verse* (and KL 80:31). Here is a sample:

"Oh, can you slay the Gobblegook,
Polyunsaturated boy?
3,000 calories! Don't look!
The sugars! Fats! Oh soy."

But back to his talk, which he appropriately prefaced with a YouTube video of himself in a giant spinning tea cup at Disneyland's Mad Tea Party ride. That, like his retelling of Carroll's *Alice* story for the Disney book, is meant to connect a younger gen-

Thanks to Monica Edinger's excellent blog at <http://medinger.wordpress.com/2008/10/27/the-ambassador-the-poet-the-composer-and-the-illustrator/> for the title of this article.



Jon Scieszka

eration with *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, which can pose linguistic and other problems for early readers. The first task in his retelling was to select which scenes to include—a harder task than he had anticipated. His introductory lines, which of course are not in the original, give an example of his approach:

Have you ever tried to listen to a long, boring schoolbook on a warm lazy day?

And have you ever wondered why anyone would make a book so boring?

Then you are just like Alice.

Because that is exactly what happened to her.

And on opening the book toward the end, one sees on the left-hand page fearsome Card Soldiers, like two-dimensional Nazi officers in their gray great-coats, marching, almost goose-stepping, across the page, while the facing pages shows soft, harmless cards with spades, hearts, etc. for heads, surrounding this text:

Cards came marching from every direction.

Clubs, Spades, Hearts, and Diamonds.

Ones, Twos, Threes, and Fours.

Fives, Sixes, Sevens, and Eights.

Nines, Tens, and Jacks.

And almost late, almost late, for a very important date

(but just in time to do his job)
came at last, Guess Who?

He was fortunate, Jon said, in being able to work with Mary Blair's original proto-conceptual brainstorming drawings—which were submitted to the chief animators. Mary Blair was the only woman artist in that male Disney group in the early 1950s. Scieszka



Nancy Willard

likened her illustrations to some of the German Expressionist art of the early twentieth century. Her Alice has a little pug nose, at least in some of the drawings, at times a quasi-hydrocephalic head, and extremely well-developed calves for a little girl (see, for example, the illustration of Alice about to follow the White Rabbit through the little door). Mary Blair's drawings are latent with possibilities that one does not see in the polished animators' illustrations in the famous Disney film and its innumerable published book versions. As for Jon Scieszka's words, they are every bit as entertaining as the man himself proved to be; both provoked many hearty laughs from the enthusiastic audience.

A little past noon under a gray and blustery-but-not-yet-raining sky, we walked the two short blocks to Ennio & Michael Ristorante—our third or fourth visit there—for a delightful lunch. We reassembled in the Fales at 2:00 p.m. sharp, and Andrew introduced the author of this brief meeting summary, to submit the report of the nominating committee for the biennial LCSNA election of officers. The committee, consisting of Janet Jurist and August A. Imholtz, Jr., renominated the following slate of officers: President, Andrew Sellon; Vice President, Cindy Watter; Treasurer, Francine Abeles; and Secretary, Clare Imholtz. Hearing and seeing no further nominations from the floor, August Imholtz called for a vote, and the slate of officers was unanimously reelected.

Our reelected president then introduced our second speaker, Professor Nancy Willard. Nancy is the author of poetry and fiction for children of all ages, several novels, and a collection of essays; the winner of the 1982 Newbery Medal and Caldecott Honor; and a professor of English at Vassar College. Since we reprint her talk, "The Invisible Teacher," elsewhere in this issue, I shall only say that it is, in my opinion,



Peter Westergaard

a brilliant piece of literary criticism on the use of dialog in narrative, in which Nancy weaves in and out of her personal history with Lewis Carroll and his works from the time she was an eight-year-old girl in Ann Arbor, Michigan, until today.

Following Nancy's lecture, we were privileged to hear Professor Peter Westergaard talk about his recently premiered opera, *Alice in Wonderland – An Ensemble Opera for Seven Singers after the Book by Lewis Carroll*. Peter has had a very distinguished career as a professor of musicology, first at Columbia, then at Amherst, and at Princeton University until his retirement in 2001, and as a composer of operas based on literary works. He calls his approach "plundering the classics," including Melville's *Moby Dick*, Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, and "Mr. and Mrs. Discobolos," based on the famous poem by Edward Lear. He is the author of *An Introduction to Atonal Theory*, which, in the words of the esteemed Wikipedia, "is notable for: explicit treatment of the relationship between rhythmic structures and pitch structures in tonal music; and elimination of 'harmony' as a conceptually independent element of musical structure."

Peter distributed to each of us a copy of the libretto, the program for the performance of his opera, and, in true professorial fashion, a handout covering the main points of his talk, with the musical notation examples for all the scenes he discussed.

Following his carefully orchestrated handout, Peter divided his talk into these parts: First, what should be included from the book? Although *AAIW* contains twelve chapters, there are really only eleven major events, which he rendered in eleven scenes, beginning with "Down the Rabbit Hole" through "The Trial" with a musical prelude and epilogue. The next problem to be solved was how much dialogue could be preserved. The second page of our handout showed how the passage at the end of chapter 3,



Mahendra Singh

beginning with Alice saying, "I wish I had our Dinah here. . . ." through "Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you anymore!"—a total of some 209 words of text—was reduced to 176 sung words of dialog at the end of the opera's scene 3.

And what kind of voices should be assigned to Carroll's characters? To cite just a sample, Peter allocated the forty roles to his seven singers in this way: Alice is a soprano; the Duchess clearly a mezzo soprano; the Duck a tenor "because no one can quack like a tenor;" the White Rabbit a countertenor; and, to show the range of parts, as it were, a bass for the Dodo, Pat, other parts of the Caterpillar (an interesting musical portrayal of a kind of multischizoid larva), the Frog Footman, and finally the Queen of Hearts. Each of the singers, except Alice of course, sang multiple parts.

With the singers assigned to their roles and the libretto composed, Peter asked: What about an orchestra? He pondered using an orchestra but did not want to seem to compete with Ravel's *L'enfant et les sortilèges*, so after considering and then rejecting six instrumentalists, he settled on the clever, almost Snarkian, use of hand bells (the dinner bell at 6:00 p.m. is F sharp, for example) to set the tone for the singers. He explained how he translated Alice's curious Wonderland arithmetic (four times five is twelve) into musical terms in which 4 is 4 semitones above middle C, 5 is 5 semitones above middle C, etc. And when Alice grows and shrinks, Peter demonstrates this musically but also by projecting on the rear of the stage Tenniel images that shrink as she grows and grow as she shrinks. The whole opera is full of symmetry, reflecting how Carroll, in Peter's view, was fascinated by symmetry. This author may have gotten lost a few times in Peter's explanations of the balanced thirds and fifths, but a few excerpts made the musicological logic less necessary.

He concluded with a video clip of the Tea Party scene—splendid, even if I could not always beat time.

A number of attendees were fortunate enough to have seen the premier of the Westergaard *Alice* on May 22 of this year at Princeton or at the New York performance on June 4 at the Peter Jay Sharp Theatre's Peter Norton Symphony Space—and that made Professor Westergaard's *Alice* talk even more enjoyable.

After a brief break, we regrouped for Mahendra Singh's illustrated talk entitled "The Surrealist's *Snark*—a Work in Progress," the concluding part of our formal program. Mahendra, who came down to New York from Montreal especially to attend our meeting, is the author of an in-progress graphic novel, a surrealist version of Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark*. He describes himself as an illustrator, graphic designer, and art director who spent many years working in the humid ambience of the Washington, DC, area, before trading all that in for the snowy ambience of Montreal, Quebec. Mahendra noted that being "born in Libya to German and Indian parents, married to an Assamese woman, and surrounded by Frenchmen, I regard globalization as a mere dodge and devote my waking hours to hunting the Snark."

In his *Snark* there will be 140 drawings, one for each stanza. The French composer Eric Satie appears along with Friedrich Nietzsche, Martin Heidegger, and other modern philosophers such as Karl Marx, who rub shoulders with a Butcher with the head of an Easter Island Moai. Add many subtle, dryly witty references to artists and figures such as Raphael, Magritte, Krazy Kat, de Chirico, Titian, and more. As for plays on words, consider how Mahendra turns *Breakfast at Tiffany's* into "tiffin at breakfasties,"—"tiffin" being a word for a light snack in India. The visual puns are accompanied by his extremely creative allusions as well as illusion-rich illustrations. The whole lecture was delivered in such an almost

professional deadpan manner that I am certain that I, at least, did not catch all of Mahendra's puns or all of the levels of the ones I did get. Here is a rarefied and brilliant one followed by the commentary—without which it would not be completely or even partially clear—from his MisAnnotation section:

Fig. 1: The 42 boxes on the beach are each labeled with Baker's alias "Candle Stub" in Chinese, using an ideogram known as "Xie." Shown here is Carroll's photograph of Alexandra "Xie" Kitchin in the guise of a Chinese tea merchant. This pictolinguistic Snarkoglyph which binds a photograph, persons, ideograms and drawings into a satisfying whole also provides a splendid example of the semi-otic, nay, imperial grandeur of the Snarkian Multiverse in its prelapsarian heyday!

The above explication is taken with permission from Mahendra's *The MisAnnotated Snark*, subtitled "A Protosurrealist Agony of Correspondences, Analogies, Forks, and Hope for the Enlightenment of the Amused and the Amusement of the Enlightened." Please see his blog at <http://justtheplaceforasnark.blogspot.com/>.

We eagerly look forward to his completed work, which will prove beyond any doubt that a word, if it is "Snark," is worth a thousand pictures or ten thousand allusions.

Into a cool and beating rain we left the Fales Library in the early evening, as many of us headed uptown, some by taxi, some by car, and some intrepid souls by subway, to a cocktail party sponsored once again by our ever gracious and very generous member Janet Jurist, at which we could relax, snack on delicious hors d'oeuvres, even drink a glass of wine, and talk about many a not-so-strange tale and per-

haps even the dream of those Wonderlands we had just experienced.



Ceci n'est pas mon boîte by Mahendra Singh



WHY SIZE MATTERS IN WONDERLAND

JACOB STRICK



Ask any readers of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* to explain its plot, and they probably will be at a loss. They might recall the eccentric menagerie of characters, perhaps a snatch of verse or a famous line of dialogue. More likely than not, they will relate to you the images of Alice growing and shrinking, of the cake that says "EAT ME" and the potion labeled "DRINK ME." But it's the context of Alice's metamorphoses that concern me. I returned to this childhood favorite with an agenda of my own: to find whether Alice's changes in size were governed by a consistent set of laws—and if so, what consequences did they have for her and the denizens of Wonderland? Furthermore, I wanted to understand what greater meaning lay behind these differences in scale. In typical Carrollian fashion, I was rather surprised and amused by my findings.

Alice experiences her first change in size immediately upon entering the rabbit hole. This is not made explicitly clear by the text, but Alice's shift in demeanor is in full support of my claim. The hole is simply described as "large," and since Alice is a child there's no immediate reason to assume that she has shrunk, but how then to account for the long fall and the subsequent safe landing? Alice assumes that she's falling either very far ("four thousand miles down") or that she's somehow discovered a novel way to fall slowly. The only working explanation is that she has decreased in size. When Alice initially falls, it's far too dark to see anything. Alice needs the visual element to orient her to her surroundings, and her temporary blindness due to darkness must render her unaware that an internal transformation has taken place.

There's another element to the darkness that affects Alice, and that is specifically her defined sense of self. Memory is closely linked to identity, and throughout Alice's time in Wonderland she struggles with both, even as she struggles with her physical metamorphoses. I will argue that all of these things are of equal importance, both to the story and to the internal geographies of Wonderland. Again, we are searching for the "why" when it comes to Alice's changes in size and her failure to remember any facts immediately after the fall. The darkness she experi-

ences is quite a literal one, although it's not enough to account for her total loss of identity:

'Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: *was* I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!' And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

Upon landing, Alice follows the White Rabbit down a passageway that leads to a hall of locked doors. The passage is either badly lit or the ceiling is very high, because it "was all dark overhead." However, the hall is defined as "long [and] low," something around nine feet in height. The Rabbit is missing—presumably he's gone to his house to fetch his kid gloves and fan. Alice peeks behind a curtain in the hall, discovering a hidden door only fifteen inches tall! But like the others there, it is locked, and requires a key—from atop a table completely made of glass—to unlock it. Behind the door is a garden, though it's not made immediately clear whether the garden matches the scale of the door.¹ It is here in the hall that Alice undergoes her first conscious size metamorphosis.

While not immediately noticed by Alice, the glass table also holds the infamous bottle with the label "DRINK ME" tied around its neck. Alice ponders its contents, and then quickly finishes the potion off. The result is that she shrinks down so that she's perfectly sized to enter the garden. The problem is, she's forgotten the key! We can thank the glass table for clarifying Alice's folly. I'd even suggest that if the table weren't glass, Alice wouldn't even have the *memory* of the key being on it in the first place. Upon realizing her error, Alice cries a little, but then discovers a tiny cake with the words "EAT ME" spelled out in currants. She reasons to herself, "Well I'll eat it . . . and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door." Alice puts her hand on the top of her head to judge

which way she will grow, and ends up growing leagues beyond her natural size. At this point we only have enough evidence to assume that drinking certain liquids make you shrink, and eating certain foods make you grow. This couldn't be further from the truth.

Aside from the food and drink, there are other means—which we'll call objects of power—that facilitate the transformative process. One of these is the White Rabbit's fan, which Alice acquires in her giantess state. She doesn't understand the fan's power, which is why she nearly fans herself out of existence. This is to say, the fan allows her to shrink smaller than four inches. But a fan can blow hot air as well as cool, so might we assume that it has the ability to *grow* the user as well? Consider that the White Rabbit likely uses it upon entering (and exiting) the palace grounds, though he generally takes the form of a normal-sized rabbit. Could this strange power be coming from the fan alone, or have we read prior events too shallowly? Is it possible that Alice makes the unconscious choice to shrink as she is fanning herself?

I believe the answer to this question lies somewhere between the White Rabbit's house and the Caterpillar's mushroom. Alice magically transitions from the long hall to outside the White Rabbit's house. The Rabbit has mistaken her for his maid—Alice is still very tiny at this moment—and has requested that she collect a fan and a new pair of gloves for him. Strangely, Alice is properly sized for the Rabbit's house, while just a moment ago she was no bigger than a mouse. I call this the "Wonderland Effect," and will return to it at a later time. Moving on with the tale, Alice finds the gloves and the fan, but she also discovers an unmarked potion near the looking-glass. Now the bottle has no obvious function—there's not even a label—in the White Rabbit's home. Yet when Alice drinks it, it perfectly accords with her wish that "it'll make [her] grow large again, for really [she's] quite tired of being such a tiny little thing." But things are even curiouiser than first imagined. When giant Alice is bombarded by pebbles that turn into cakes (don't ask), Alice gets an idea: "If I eat one of these cakes . . . it's sure to make *some* change in my size; and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose." She swallows a cake, and shrinks to a manageable size and escapes the house.

If you have been paying attention, the last time Alice drank from a bottle she shrank, and the last time she ate a cake she grew. Now this time the two objects have switched their effects. A continuity error, or is this deliberate on Carroll's part? I think it's rather suspicious and worth investigating that neither the drink nor the cakes that Alice consumes in the White Rabbit's home are labeled, unlike their counterparts in the hall. Yet, as before, they do exactly the thing that Alice was hoping they'd do. As the Caterpillar will prove, this is no mere coincidence.

When Alice first comes upon the Caterpillar, he asks the ultimate question: "Who are *you*?" By this point, Alice has hardly sorted her proper size, much less her true identity. His question calls into sharp relief the difficulty Alice has had remembering even simple facts during her time in Wonderland. The Caterpillar doesn't offer much advice aside from "Keep your temper," which is ironic in light of the events that close the story. The Caterpillar tells Alice that in time she will get used to her new size, but Alice shows great distress at this notion, so the Caterpillar takes pity and gives her an enormous nudge in the right direction. While making his exit, the Caterpillar mutters to himself, "One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter." He is referring to the mushroom, which as we all know is round and has no "sides" to speak of. This is a knowing contradiction, as well as the answer to all of our questions. Like the fan, the mushroom causes Alice to shrink (only at first, in her uncertainty of the mushroom's power) and to grow—seemingly without bounds!

Alice may not realize just how important this development is, but we as readers should. When I began my study into Alice's Wonderland adventures, I came looking for insights into the function and mechanics behind Alice's changes in size. What we've seen so far is a portrait of inconsistency: food may make Alice grow or shrink, and drink has shown inverted properties as well! But the one thing in common during all these changes is that Alice was hoping for the specific change that then occurred. With the aid of these objects of power, Alice has willed her metamorphoses into being. The talk of "one side makes you grow/shrink" simply means that it's in Alice's power to decide how she will change. In the end, when she reclaims her identity, Alice will learn that she doesn't require any objects to invoke change.

Two things preoccupy Alice during her time in Wonderland:

'The first thing I've got to do,' said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, 'is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan.'

And indeed, for the better part of this story, Alice struggles with her surroundings and changes in size until she reaches the garden. But to "grow to my right size again" is a completely different task. Her "right size" is her true size—her true self—and is not to be found in Wonderland. To paraphrase the Cheshire Cat, Alice wouldn't be down there unless she was mad. I have found no evidence to equate size to madness in Wonderland, but consider how almost nothing there is properly sized: the Mad Hatter and March Hare are much larger than the Queen of Hearts, and

the Caterpillar—possibly the most sensible creature of them all—is also the smallest. But aside from being small, the Caterpillar is properly sized (and aware of his height): exactly three inches. What does this mean for Alice?

Alice takes on many sizes, by accident and on purpose. Alice is even influenced by Wonderland itself to go through changes. In these moments there is nothing that Alice has eaten or drunk to cause a change: She has allowed herself to be influenced by the environment. I call these changes the Wonderland Effect, because they don't require a conscious decision to occur. I would say that this is the true cause of madness in Wonderland. If size is equated to memory and self, then the slow degradation of identity leads to eventual psychosis. A child may turn into a pig; an eccentric tea party may proceed ad infinitum. Even the Queen herself experiences screaming fits ("Off with her head!"), while no one is actually ever harmed at all. We see now that size plays a far greater role in Wonderland than previously imagined.

For example, the Wonderland Effect asserts itself during the trial of the Knave of Hearts with the reappearance of the Mad Hatter. In the overall scheme of "Wonderland," it is rare for Carroll's narrative to revisit locations or characters, although at times it does so. The guests at the Mad Tea Party provide an interesting bit of continuity—or discontinuity. It's all too easy to forget that Alice transitioned directly from the tea party to the hall of doors (thanks to a conveniently located portal in a tree) in order to reach the garden. We can only assume that the Hatter and company took the same route, but since the "DRINK ME" potion is exhausted (Alice uses her mushroom the second time), they must have had some help. While the Dormouse says, at the trial, "I grow at a reasonable pace," he really should be remarking on how he shrinks. Unlike madness, change isn't a constant in Wonderland.

Alice regains her true size (and her true identity) but once in this story, at the trial that concludes

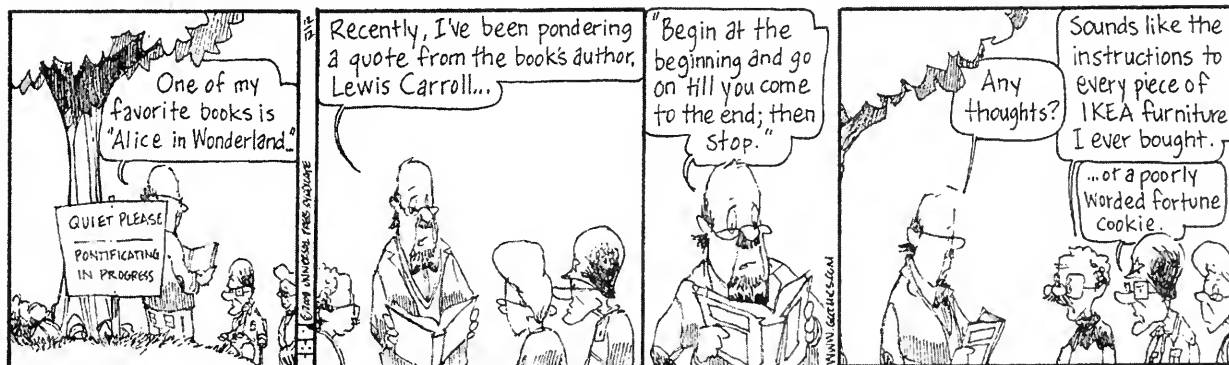
her time in Wonderland. Alice begins the trial in a shrunken state, which is how she was sized to enter the beautiful garden. However, the garden proved to be an enormous disappointment, as it was filled with just as much madness as the rest of the underground world. During the trial it's clear that Alice has become totally fed up with the rudeness and the nonsense of the locals, because as she watches by the jurors' box she begins to grow in size. I think that on one hand she's inspired to grow when she sees the Mad Hatter take a bite out of his teacup—an object you're ordinarily supposed to drink from—and that it's a reminder she doesn't have to remain in her station if she chooses not to. On the other hand, by this point she already has begun to reclaim her old identity as Alice. She has overcome the influence of Wonderland to the point where she is nearly her old self again. I say "nearly" because in order to truly be Alice, she must be sized like Alice.²

And so Alice begins to grow, eventually "to her full size," when she is attacked by the armies of Wonderland in a desperate attempt to maintain disorder. But Alice brushes them off: "You're nothing but a pack of cards!" Alice has regained clarity, and it isn't too long before she exits Wonderland and reenters reality. Alice then departs the banks of the river, where she has fallen asleep and experienced her adventure. We are left with a final thought, presented to us by Alice's sister. It is the sister's honest wish that Alice be able to retain the simple joys of childhood as she grows into womanhood, with all of its changes. Alice's sister is able to perceive Wonderland in a half-dreaming state, so we as readers can rest easy knowing that Alice can fall back upon this nonsense-land, should she ever need a reminder of who she is truly meant to be.

¹ We'll learn that the garden is a part of the palace grounds, so everything within it must be playing-card sized.

² Unlike the poor Mock Turtle, who once was "a real turtle" but has devolved.

THE ELDERBERRIES Corey Pandolph





TO SEEK IT WITH THIMBLES: PART II

MATTHEW DEMAKOS



Of the essays below, four were crafted from marginalia, and four were developed from work on other papers. Four of the essays, and two others to a lesser degree, try to add a modicum of perspective to their subjects. Nonetheless, it is hoped that all of the essays, even the ones that are strictly informative, will one day add perspective to other essays—ones that hopefully will not receive pedantic marginalia.

9. WHAT'S A DUCK WORTH?

It has long been accepted that Carroll rowed bow on July 4, 1862, the day he first told to Alice Liddell and her sisters the story that became *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. This detail comes from Robinson Duckworth, Carroll's friend who joined the excursion that day. "I rowed *stroke* and he rowed *bow* in the famous Long Vacation voyage to Godstow when the three Miss Liddells were our passengers," he wrote to Carroll's nephew, Stuart Dodgson Collingwood, "and the story was actually composed and spoken *over my shoulder* for the benefit of Alice Liddell, who was acting as 'cox' of our gig."¹ Carroll does not mention the positions in six known references to the event,² nor does Alice exactly do so in four known accounts.³ But Duckworth repeats the rowing positions, and much of the same details as before, in a letter to a friend.

The problem is that Duckworth gets much wrong in his full testimony, or, at least his version is often contrary to other accounts. He states that Alice asked Carroll to write the story down when they "had conducted the three children back to the Deanery," and even supplies verbatim quotations. This is contrary to Alice's account, according to which the request came "the next day," which itself is confirmed by Carroll's diary when he describes meeting the Liddell party at the train station (though he does not mention Alice's request). Duckworth also claims that Carroll began the story that night. This contradicts Carroll's diary summary, made sometime after the events, of writing the "headings" out on the train the fol-

lowing day. Much of what else Duckworth writes is dubious as well.

So should we believe that Carroll took the bow? In truth, Alice's own account somewhat contradicts Duckworth's recollection. She writes that the river journeys "usually consisted of five—one of Mr. Dodgson's men friends as well as himself and us three. His brother occasionally took an oar in the merry party, but our most usual fifth was Mr. Duckworth, who sang well." The contradiction comes a paragraph later when she adds, "In the usual way, after we had chosen our boat with great care, we three children were stowed away in the stern, and Mr. Dodgson took the stroke oar."⁴ So usually Carroll took the stroke oar, making Duckworth's claim questionable. Her generalization is harmonious with her description of the girls having a competition "to sit next to the great mathematician. . . ."⁵

It is quite common to conflate memories of events years later, even months later, and even weeks and days later. Duckworth, who was writing thirty-six years after the event, took several voyages with the Liddells and could have easily misremembered many details.⁶ With so much factually wrong in his account, and the dubiousness of even his verbatim recollected quotations, there is no reason to trust his memory of the rowing positions.

10. INA'S TRUTH

There are two letters from Ina to her sister Alice that discuss the interview Ina had with Florence Becker Lennon for her then forthcoming biography. A sentence in the second letter has often been interpreted as if Ina, then over eighty years old, gave a deceitful response when asked about the split between her family and Carroll. But there is another, perhaps more likely, interpretation.

To set the scene, Alice questioned Ina about certain aspects of Lennon's biography of which Ina appeared to be the source. On May 1, 1930, Ina wrote Alice that she knew what Lennon was "driving at" during the interview (Carroll's love for Alice) but that only after the interview did she realize that Lennon may have been suggesting something else (a possible marriage proposal).⁷ The questions about ages

Part I of this article may be found in *Knight Letter* 79 pp. 18–22.

and dates in the second letter show this still to be the chief concern:

I suppose you don't remember when Mr. Dodgson ceased coming to the Deanery? How old were you? I said his manner became too affectionate to you as you grew older and that mother spoke to him about it, and that offended him so he ceased coming to visit us again, as one had to give some reason for all intercourse ceasing. I don't think you could have been more than 9 or 10 on account of my age! I must put it a bit differently for Mrs. B's book. I had no idea my words were to be taken down! Mr. Dodgson used to take you on his knee. I know I did not say that! Horrible being interviewed if your words are taken down.⁸

The line "as one had to give some reason for all intercourse ceasing" does not have to be read as if Ina was being deceitful. It could be read as her excuse to Alice for admitting a sincere fact that inadvertently supported Lennon's errant track. She uses the words "some reason" because "the reason" would not have expressed the obligation she felt to answer the question truthfully. In this interpretation, she is telling Alice that she gave Lennon the actual reason, but without expounding on it, because it would have appeared disingenuous to appear ignorant.

This interpretation then has the chief advantage of not maligning Ina's character. It not only eliminates a blunt lie but also eliminates the carelessness of placing her sister and Carroll in a potentially scandalous position. Indeed, hundreds of safer lies could have been told. Nor does it have Ina shamefully conspiring to keep the so-called Alice myth alive. The interpretation also has the advantage of reading better than the other interpretation, especially with the absence of excuses in her words to Alice for telling a lie against her. Particularly notable is the lack of any need to retract the words but only admitting, "I must put it a bit differently. . . ." When read in context of the earlier letter, these words refer to the need to disconnect the reasonable (love for Alice) from the ridiculous (marriage to Alice).

Apparently, Ina plans on maintaining the idea that Carroll was affectionate toward Alice but plans as well to stress the innocence of that affection, even if she understood it to be stronger, or even unhealthy.

In the end, Lennon did expound on Carroll's possible love for Alice and a marriage proposal, but did not use Ina as a source nor mention this as the possible reason for the break.⁹

11. ALICE IN A BATHING MACHINE

A reminiscence by Florence May Balfour, known as Birdie, does not appear in Morton Cohen's collection *Lewis Carroll: Interviews and Recollections*. But she did share her recollection in an unpublished letter to Walter Thomas Spencer, an owner of a bookshop on New Oxford Street, London, who dealt in rare books and manuscripts.¹⁰ Carroll met Birdie in 1874 when he was staying in Sandown on the Isle of Wight. He wrote that he "accidentally struck up an acquaintance" with Florence, calling her a "very pretty child. . . ." During the three summers they met in Sandown, Carroll records meeting her on the beach, having her play piano for himself and others, and, on two occasions, attempting to sketch her.¹¹ Later in life, she married John Collie Foster, a manufacturer. To make for less distracting reading, each "plus sign" has been replaced by an "and," and several commas, so graciously employed, have been omitted.

Aug: 7th 1926.

W. J. Spencer Esqr.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for cheque. I enclose receipt, with many thanks. I wish I had something else of Lewis Carroll's to send you, but I have not. By his letters, you will see we met at Sandown when I was a little girl of about 9 years old. He used to have apartments at "Sea View" on the front, and we lived at "Bella Vista." He was a most charming man, and his one love was for little girls. He was a tall, handsome, man with dark hair, and grey eyes. One day we were all together on the sands, and heavy rain came on, and he hurried us all into an empty bathing machine. He said if we were good, and sat still, he would tell us a pretty story about a little girl, called "Alice." I sat on his knee, and he told us, in a short time, the pretty story of "Alice in Wonderland."¹²

I must have had a lot more of his letters, but, as the years rolled on, I suppose I've lost them.¹³

I went to see him at Oxford after I was married and took my first baby to see him there. As it happened the baby was a boy! He liked him because he was mine, but he said "Birdie why didn't you bring me a little girl to see?"¹⁴ The walls of his lovely study were covered with the most beautiful girl children you could ever see. He was *great* on photography and made a study of it.

I know the house you are sleeping at in Shanklin. I hope you have a nice stay, and the weather keeps fine.

Believe me

Yours very truly

Florence M. Foster

12. THE UNGUIDED HAND

The only surviving words Carroll wrote to John Tenniel about his illustrations for the *Alice* books are strictures, one to reduce Alice's crinoline and the other to eliminate the White Knight's whiskers.¹⁵ Though he no doubt deserved and received Carroll's praise for many of the creative decisions regarding the illustrations, no other words to the artist exist. The strictures first appeared in the biography by Stuart Collingwood Dodgson, who found no need to quote any other passages from the letters he had, only adding, "such were the directions he was constantly giving." Carroll was indeed fastidious, as is seen in the many surviving letters to other artists. He calculated the crosshatching lines per square inch, commented on ankle widths, questioned proper proportions, and so on.

But he was also open-minded on many more occasions than seems to be realized. He often allowed artists to be creative and to make decisions on their own. This is not to say that he has been misrepresented. It must be admitted that letters containing declarations of artistic freedom often contain the fastidiousness as well, and that some of his kindly worded statements of trust in an artist's judgment warrant a well-deserved chuckle, as we have every right to doubt his sincerity. But in an attempt to even the score, and give Carroll the benefit of the doubt, his more lenient, hands-off, delegated, relaxed, uninvolved, *laissez-faire* remarks are collected below.

TO EDWARD SAMBOURNE: As to details, I don't want to hamper you with my ideas, as I think an artist should be free as to his treatment of a theme, the writer only retaining a *veto*, in case the result should be hopelessly at variance with his meaning. I will jot down any ideas that occur to me as being desirable to introduce, and you can use the suggestions, or not, as you choose.

TO HENRY HOLIDAY: All these are merely suggestions: *you* will be a far better judge of the matter than I can be, and perhaps may think of some quite different, and better, design.

TO A. B. FROST: Would you look at "The Three Voices" . . . if it is *not suggestive*, look at any other. . . .

By all means draw a picture, as you propose. . . . I enclose a scrawl of an idea I have for a half-page picture. . . . Don't adopt any of it if you don't like it.

I *think* the ghost should be transparent, but *you* will be the best judge of that.

However, if you think you can make him more effective with a bald head, so let it be. But please make him a *gentleman*. Another idea occurred to me about him, that, considering he is the *narrator*, there would be an appropriate modesty in his *never* showing face. What do you think of it?

I shall be glad if you can make a good frontispiece of this: but if you think you can find a better subject, I shall be quite disposed to defer to your judgement.

These are merely suggested subjects. I shall be quite content if you reject them, and choose other passages to illustrate.

TO HARRY FURNISS: Generally speaking, I would be willing to accept any treatment of a picture that you deliberately think best. Still, as you *have* paid me the compliment of asking my opinion, I will venture to give it.

Please remember these are only my *ideas*, suggested for you to consider. I shall be *quite* ready to throw them overboard, if you can hit off a more funny treatment of the poem.

Now, having put my ideas before you, I leave you free to draw the pictures as seems to you the best and funniest.

Let me mention, while I think of it, how much pleased I was at your afterthought as to the camel walking away.

I'll send you nearly all the book in a few days, noting what seem to me fit subjects for the *serious* pictures. But it will be a great help to have *your* views also, as to what you think will draw well.

. . . what do you think of the Earl, Lady M., and Arthur, at tea? In house, or garden, as you prefer.

As to omission of steps . . . I leave it entirely to *your* judgement. For myself, I confess I should like to have them. . . . However, I am not an artist: and it is mainly an *artistic* question.

Of course you will understand that these are mere *suggestions*. I am quite prepared to throw them all on one side, should you fix on other subjects, or find better ways to treating these subjects.

These suggestions as to sizes are merely *tentative*. If you prefer other sizes, please say so.

By all means have Sylvie and the Count only in the pianoforte picture. The piano had better be an "upright," I should think: but I leave that point to your decision.

Wouldn't the Prof. look more comfortable, if his feet were *covered* with the blankets? But that is an artistic point, which I leave to you.

Can you manage to show her kissing the drooping hand? I fancy she does so in the text: but the picture *need* not contain it, if you prefer to draw it otherwise. I suppose you mean Arthur's eyes to be *shut*? I dare say that will look best. I leave it to you.

TO E. GERTRUDE THOMSON: If you don't think the proportions . . . pretty, you can alter them: but for a *full-page* picture we have no choice. I make all these suggestions with diffidence, feeling that I have *really* no right at all, as an amateur, to criticize the work of a real artist. I'll dispense with the *smile!* No doubt you are *quite* right on that point.¹⁶

13. FORGETTABLE OXFORD BLUES

Only a few of those who have left reminiscences of Carroll ventured to specify the color of his eyes. Two described them as gray, three as blue—mild, light, and deep—and one noncommittal blue or gray.

"Dreamy grey eyes" (E. Gertrude Thomson)

"grey eyes" (Florence May Balfour)

"mild blue eyes" (Violet Dodgson)

"light-blue eyes" (Ethel Hatch)

"his eyes were a deep blue" (Isa Bowman)

"his eyes were blue or gray—all the family had blue or gray eyes" (Irene Dodgson Jaques)¹⁷

At first glance these descriptions may seem contradictory. But there are two reasons why they should all be considered accurate. First, the color of irises is a subjective matter—what may be blue to one may be gray to another. As stated in a recent paper on genetics, the color "exists on a continuum from the lightest shades of blue to the darkest of brown or black." In the study, as in many others in the field, the scientists decided to group gray irises with blue, hazel irises with green, and light brown irises with medium and dark brown.¹⁸ Second, our perception of a person's eye color often changes along with the changes in ambient light—determined by clothing, the walls, the floor, or the sky. These phenomena occur especially with lightly colored irises,¹⁹ which, as we shall see, Lewis Carroll had.

With this said, it is probably best to conclude that Carroll's eyes were mildly blue with a stress on the mildness, rather than simply gray. One relative described them so, and Carroll himself gave the White Knight, a character he identified with himself, such eyes—"the mild blue eyes and kindly smile of the Knight,"²⁰ when gray eyes would have suited the characterization just as well. Ethel Hatch and Isa Bowman also confirm the existence of some blue in Carroll's eyes, although both likely misuse their qualifying words. Ethel may mean *light* as in *little*, and Isa may mean *deep* as in *subtle*, said to be a common mistake.²¹ Light blue eyes are always remarkable, and if Carroll had them, there would likely be little room for confusion. Also, the best photograph of Carroll's eyes, a self-portrait taken circa 1857, shows them to be light, confirming gray or blue, and certainly ruling out Isa's *deep* description.²²

Herbert Von Herkomer's portrait of Carroll, which gives him "pale brown" eyes should be considered errant. It was commissioned after his death and worked on with Thomas Vere Bayne, a good friend of Carroll's. Either Bayne misremembered Carroll's eye color, a common enough habit when men try to remember the color of someone's eyes, or simply didn't care to get them right, although he was discerning enough to reject the artist's first attempt.²³

14. LIDDELL COMPANY: QUARTERLY REPORT

Some perspective can be shed on the so-called break between Carroll and the Dean's family with a little businesslike accounting. Table 1 shows his quarterly meetings with the children from the first year he met them to the year he published *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. They include occurrences when at least one girl was present and encompass everything from running into them for a few minutes to taking them on the river for a day. The split occurred at the end of the second quarter for 1863 when Carroll records meeting them a record twenty-seven times. His recorded meetings for this quarter far outnumber those of the three previous periods and those of all quarters in any year (where data is available).²⁴

TABLE 1: MEETINGS WITH THE LIDDELL GIRLS

Year	Quarters			
	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
1856	2	7	0	7
1857	5	13	0	2
1858	0			
		...		
1862	—	2 ^a	10	6
1863	8	27 ^b	0	2
1864	0	2	0	0
1865	1	1	1	0

^a Incomplete data.

^b Assumes one meeting with "the Liddells" included children.

Being a university man, Carroll led a life regulated by the calendar year, necessitating comparisons between like quarters. But in this case the data is incomplete for the previous second quarter and all others until 1857. There are two pieces of evidence, however, which suggest that the twenty-seven meetings were a unique and recent development in the relationship for this time of year. First, at the end of the first month of the heavy second quarter of 1863, Carroll wrote in his diary, "There is no variety in my life to record just now *except* meetings with the Liddells, the record of which has become almost continuous."²⁵ This hints that averaging to more than two meetings a week for several weeks in a row was unusual for any time of year. Second, we do have seven and a half weeks of the thirteen

weeks of data for the previous second quarter, and the mere two meetings (shown in Table 1) only prorate to three or four meetings.²⁶

The data is dependent on the probability that Carroll kept a diary that was as full or accurate in one quarter as any other. But arguments can be made that his diary was kept *to* record his social life and that social encounters motivated him to take up the diary more than all else.²⁷ Although data may be missing, the evidence is still exceptionally suggestive, especially with such an extreme anomaly.

The findings are not contingent on the quarterly division. Similar conclusions can be made with a monthly or weekly analysis.²⁸ Also, a more subjective analysis, weighing the difference between a five-minute run-in meeting and a quality-time river expedition, would return the same conclusion. In fact, such an analysis would only find a greater anomaly, showing his encounters with the children for the quarter with the break to be longer and more involved than before. One could even argue that the last three months of Carroll's friendship with the family have him playing a more avuncular or even fatherly role than before. He visits the children at their grandparents' home for a few days when their mother is due to give birth, distracts the children with a river trip when the newly born brother becomes ill, helps the children at a bazaar with their stall selling kittens and searches for Rhoda when she goes missing, and joins the family on a river trip when invited.²⁹

The escalation in the relationship adds a little perspective to Mrs. Liddell's claim that Carroll was rumored to have been courting the eldest girl, Ina, or her governess. It also gives further perspective to Ina's claim, made many years later, that Carroll was becoming "too affectionate" toward Alice. From the perspective of the outside observer of this change in the relationship, he is courting the eldest girl or the governess, and from that of the inside observer, he is being too affectionate toward his favorite.

15. WHERE THERE'S A WILFRED

In January 1899, a year after Carroll's death, a notice appeared in *Literature*, a precursor to *The Times Literary Supplement*, of a forthcoming book "containing some reminiscences of Mr. Dodgson by Miss Isa Bowman, one of his nieces." Later that year, in November, the book was further described, with Isa now being referred to as "the adopted niece of Mr. Dodgson" and the "real 'Alice in Wonderland.'"³⁰ This last point was not noted as being printed on the title page of the book—not having one in their possession at the time—but was a description of Bowman by the magazine itself. This prompted a letter from none other than Carroll's brother Wilfred, here presented in full and, as far as is known, for the first time since 1899:

Sir,—I have been requested from several quarters to write to you respecting one sentence in a notice contained in your issue of the 18th instant of a book about to be published by Messrs. Dent, compiled by Miss Isa Bowman from letters, diaries, &c., written to and for her by my brother, the Revd. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).

The sentence I refer to runs thus:—"The real 'Alice in Wonderland,' Miss Isa Bowman, who was the adopted niece of Mr. Dodgson, and who knew him perhaps more intimately than any other of his child friends," &c. Now "Alice in Wonderland" was published in 1865, and had then been in MS. for almost six years,³¹ so that the "real" Alice must now be of an age to which I do not think Miss Bowman would like to plead guilty. As is almost universally known, the real "Alice" was Miss Alice Liddell, now Mrs. Hargreaves, the second daughter of the late Dean of Christchurch.³² I believe that my brother's acquaintance with Miss Bowman dated only from her appearance on the stage when his book was first dramatized. It is also a little misleading, and has caused some heart-burning, to designate Miss Bowman as *the* adopted niece. As a matter of fact, my brother had almost a mania for "adopting" nieces. He was a perfect Uncle Remus amongst children, and, as he has often told me, adopted this avuncular position with a view to the time when his "nieces" began to grow out of their teens and could no longer be treated with anything like intimate affection except by uncles and such-like relations. I know of [a] very charming married lady who *says* that one of the conditions she made when she accepted her husband was that she might continue to be kissed by "Uncle Charles."³³ I believe I am under the mark in saying that he had something like fifty "adopted nieces,"³⁴ many of whom probably knew him quite as intimately as Miss Bowman could possibly have done.

My brother's influence with the young was almost an inspiration, and I have always thought that his love of the stage was given to him in order that this influence might be used amongst a class of children over whose lives influences for good or bad have more than ordinary power. His belief in the possibility of a pure stage was very deep, and his work to that end was incessant and devoted. I believe he thought he had a special mission to child actresses, and certainly he never lost an opportunity of making friendships with them.³⁵ In some instances his first overtures towards acquaintances met with the most chilling re-

buffs, but, quite undaunted, he persevered, and generally succeeded in adding another probationer to his list of nieces.

Apologizing for this somewhat long letter, for which I hope you will find room in your next issue,

I remain yours truly, W. L. DODGSON
The Court, Cleobury North, Bridgnorth,
Nov. 24, 1899³⁶

"We had not the book before us," the editors wrote in the following issue, "when we published the letter." Seeing that Isa called herself "the Real Alice in Wonderland" on the title page, they suggested that Wilfred's letter "would perhaps have been better addressed to the author of the book or her publisher." Two weeks later, the paper gave the new book a positive review. "Altogether—in spite of the mistake on the title page—we are grateful to Miss Bowman, whose book deserves to find many readers."³⁷

16. THE COMPLETE ALICE ILLUSTRATIONS

It is quite surprising that no one has attempted to publish Tenniel's complete illustrations for Lewis Carroll's *Alice* books. There are quite a few sketches, finished drawings, transfer drawings, proof sheets, book inscriptions, and *Punch* parodies that have not been reproduced. Readers may believe that they have seen many of these rarities, but the fact is that many remain hidden away on restricted library shelves. Some rarities are often reprinted, while others, of equal quality and interest, are forgotten. Even the rare "Walrus and Carpenter" parody that graced the cover of the Spring 2003 issue of the *Knight Letter* was only a detail of a full two-page spread. To date, only two books focus on Tenniel rarities: Eleanor Garvey's *Tenniel's Alice* and Justin Schiller's "Short-Title Index."³⁸ Together the two do not even begin to scratch the surface of Tenniel's output. Three other books, Michael Hancher's *The Tenniel Illustrations to the "Alice" Books*, Frankie Morris's *Artist of Wonderland*, and Martin Gardner's *The Annotated Alice* quite surprisingly only contain a handful of rarities.³⁹

Having the collections at Harvard, the New York Public Library, the Rosenbach, the Morgan Library, the Newberry Library, and other collections, private and public, under one cover would have the obvious benefits. Not only would readers be able to see an illustration's complete development, but they would also be able to see the drawings in a book that can properly handle the fine detail such artwork demands. Too often, these rarities appear muddy or too small for any serious enjoyment.

But the book does not have to begin and end with Tenniel. Christ Church Library has a few rare items from Carroll and Carroll's brother Wilfred,⁴⁰

before Tenniel came along, that have never been published. And the book could also reprint the some of the known forgeries, telling their interesting story as well.

¹ For the two Duckworth accounts, see Robinson Duckworth to Stuart Dodgson Collingwood [n.d.], in Stuart Dodgson Collingwood, *The Lewis Carroll Picture Book* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1899), 358–60; and Robinson Duckworth to a friend, March 28, 1898, in Helmut Gernsheim, *Lewis Carroll, Photographer*, revised edition (New York: Dover, 1969).

² For the six Carroll references (counting his diary as one), see Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (London: Macmillan, 1866), prefatory poem; Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass* (London: Macmillan, 1872), n.p. (an allusion made in the prefatory poem), 223–4 (closing poem); Lewis Carroll, July 4, 1862, and September 13, 1864, Wakeling, *Diaries*, 4:94–5, 5:9; Lewis Carroll, "'Alice' on the Stage," *The Theatre*, n.s., 9 (April 1887): 179–84; Lewis Carroll to E. Gertrude Thomson, July 16, 1885, in Morton Cohen and Edward Wakeling, *Lewis Carroll and His Illustrators: Collaborations and Correspondence, 1865–1898* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 2003), 237.

³ For Alice's four references, see Alice Hargreaves to the editor, *The St. James's Gazette*, March 1, 1898, reprinted in Stuart Dodgson Collingwood, *The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1898), 96; Alice and Caryl Hargreaves, "Alice's Recollections of Carrollian Days: As Told to her Son," *The Cornhill Magazine* 73, no. 433, n.s. (July 1932): 1–12; Edward Wakeling, "Mrs. Hargreaves Comes to the U.S.A." in *Proceedings of the Second International Lewis Carroll Conference*, edited by Charlie Lovett (Winston-Salem, NC: Lewis Carroll Society of North America), 47–8; David and Maxine Schaefer, "Alice's Adventures Overseas," *Jabberwocky* 11, no. 2 (Spring 1982): 50–56. Wakeling prints a manuscript in Alice's hand which may be her speech given on May 4, 1932, at Columbia University, and the Schaefer transcribe the Paramount newsreel.

⁴ Alice and Caryl Hargreaves, "Alice's Recollections," 7. It is even possible to read this sentence as if she is describing the July 4 boat trip.

⁵ Wakeling, "Mrs. Hargreaves," 48.

⁶ Dodgson, June 17, 1862, and May 1, 1863, Wakeling, *Diaries*, 4:81–2, 4:195–6. If Duckworth was the usual companion, as Alice claims, he likely took other trips during the years not accounted for in Carroll's published diaries.

⁷ Lorina Skene to Alice Hargreaves, May 1, 1930, in Edward Wakeling, "Two Letters from Lorina to Alice," *Jabberwocky* 21, no. 4: 91–2.

⁸ Lorina Skene to Alice Hargreaves, May 2, 1930, *ibid.*

⁹ Florence Becker Lennon, *The Life of Lewis Carroll: Victoria through the Looking-Glass* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1945), 192–7. In the end Lennon speculates, "he was so much in love with his dream Alice—not necessarily the real Alice at all—that he cultivated her attributes more and more, and partially *became* the real Alice in Wonderland."

¹⁰ Walter Thomas Spencer established his bookshop in 1884. It was described at one time as being near the British Museum and opposite Mudie's Library. In a pamphlet published in the 1920s, he advertised for

- rarities, manuscripts and letters as well as books. His autobiography is a namedropper—Dickens, Thackeray, Dowson, Wilde, to name a few—and gives such amusing chapter topics as “How I nearly acquired the MS. of *Jane Eyre*—and why I missed it,” “How I bought the MS. of the *Cricket on the Hearth*, and how I sold it,” and, more to the point here, “My Unpublished Collection of Letters.” Alas, no mention of Lewis Carroll seems to appear in the book. According to one genealogy website, he was born on May 5, 1843, and died August 2, 1929, but other dates are mentioned elsewhere. See Walter Thomas Spencer, *Forty Years in My Bookshop*, edited and with an introduction by Thomas Moulton (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1923); [Walter T. Spencer], “Books and Prints Specially Wanted to Be Purchased by Walter T. Spencer” (Derby: Harpur & Sons, printers, ca. 1920), <http://www.anyamountofbooks.com/wts.html> (accessed December 8, 2007); for his possible genealogy, see <http://www.gritquoy.com/genealogy/getperson.php?personID=12070&tree=001Master> (accessed December 8, 2007).
- ¹¹ For the first meeting, see Lewis Carroll, September 4, 1874, Wakeling, *Diaries*, 6:356–7; for other meetings, see *ibid.*, 6:358–9, 361, 411, 412, 481.
 - ¹² Carroll mentions seeing Birdie on six days in his diary, none of which detail this occurrence. But on September 14, 1874, Carroll wrote, “Tried a picture of Florence (alias “Birdie”) Balfour, and told a story to Kitty Napier and her little friend Ethel Mansen.” Neither Kitty nor Ethel left reminiscences, but the telling of *Alice* in a bathing-machine could have occurred on this date if it did indeed rain and if Birdie was actually included.
 - ¹³ The four letters to Birdie in *The Letters of Lewis Carroll*, all in the Berg Collection in The New York Public Library, fit the description of the ones sold to Spencer.
 - ¹⁴ This incident is not mentioned in Carroll’s diary.
 - ¹⁵ Collingwood, *Life and Letters*, 130.
 - ¹⁶ Cohen and Wakeling, *Illustrators*, 28–9, 40, 41, 47, 61, 63, 71, 90, 123, 126, 130, 138, 166, 169, 178, 190, 197, 199, 221, 237, 258, 285, 333. Before reading the cited book in 2003, I decided to mark with marginalia all such quotations with the idea of presenting them in *Knight Letter* as a book notice. Several years later I penciled some frantic marginalia in Frankie Morris’s book—“Yes, yes, and many more such quotations”—when she made the same point, giving four examples: See Frankie Morris, *Artist of Wonderland: The Life, Political Cartoons, and Illustrations of Tenniel* (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 2005), 144. Sambourne’s first name was Edward, as Cohen and Wakeling’s manuscript correctly had it, and not Edwin as printed.
 - ¹⁷ Morton Cohen, *Lewis Carroll: Interviews and Recollections* (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1989), 20, 28, 90, 111, 235. See above for Florence May Balfour’s description.
 - ¹⁸ Richard A. Sturm and Tony N. Frudakis, “Eye Colour: Portals into Pigmentation Genes and Ancestry,” *TRENDS in Genetics* 20, no. 8 (August 2004): 327 (quoted), 330 (categorizing eye colors). As stated on Wikipedia, “Gray eyes are a variant of blue eyes and are sometimes very hard to tell apart” (en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eye_color).
 - ¹⁹ Larry Bickford, “All About Eye Color,” eyecarecontacts.com/eyecolor.html (accessed December 3, 2007). The page is kept by an ophthalmologist who fits colored contact lenses. He writes, “eye color is about reflection of ambient light from the structure of the iris. People with lightly colored irises note that their eye color changes according to the colors they wear.”
 - ²⁰ Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There* (London: Macmillan, 1872), 176; Jeffrey Stern, “Carroll Identifies Himself At Last, or: A Problem Solved and a Puzzle Posed,” *Jabberwocky* 19, no. 3 and 4 (Summer/Autumn 1990): 18–20. Carroll’s objection to the whiskers on the White Knight may also owe to his basing the character on himself.
 - ²¹ “Usually, gray eyes are considered a darker shade of blue (like blue-green), where in fact they are lighter” (en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eye_color).
 - ²² For the best reproduction of this photograph, see *Lewis Carroll’s Alice: The Photographs, Books, Papers and Personal Effects of Alice Liddell and Her Family* (Sotheby’s, 2001), 8; or see Christina Björk, *The Other Alice: The Story of Alice Liddell and Alice in Wonderland* (New York: R & S Books, 1993), 21. The photograph is also seen opposite page 1057 in *Letters* (top, right), along with another photograph that shows light eyes (bottom left).
 - ²³ Edward Wakeling was kind enough to supply the description of Carroll’s eyes in the Herkomer portrait, along with some history. Private e-mail, November 24, 2007.
 - ²⁴ Wakeling, *Diaries*, vols. 1–4, *passim*.
 - ²⁵ Lewis Carroll, April 29, 1863, *ibid.*, 4:195.
 - ²⁶ The balance between the first two quarters of 1857 does compare to the first two of 1863, showing Carroll is likely to increase his meetings with the girls for the spring. But 1857 was six years in the past, and the numbers were much smaller and therefore less notable. Interestingly, the first rumor that Carroll was courting Miss Prickett occurred in the second quarter of 1857 (May 17, 1857), the second highest total for a quarter.
 - ²⁷ Edward Wakeling described the diaries as a “record of events and his personal thoughts; a system to help him recollect ideas and decisions, and, in particular, a record of people he met.” See Edward Wakeling, “The Publication of Lewis Carroll’s Private Journal,” *Jabberwocky* 22, no. 4 (Autumn 1993): 5.
 - ²⁸ From May 1862 to June 1863, Carroll’s monthly meetings number: 1–1–5–5–0–1–3–2–0–4–4–10–9–8.
 - ²⁹ Lewis Carroll, April 4–7, May 26, June 16, and June 25, 1863 in Wakeling, *Diaries*, 4:185–7, 200, 206–9, 213. Another avuncular activity took place in the prior quarter when Carroll and his brother Edwin escorted Alice around the celebrations on the wedding day of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra of Denmark (March 10, 1863, *ibid.*, 172–3). In the same period Carroll made the comment “Destined to meet the Liddells perpetually just now” (February 17, 1863, *ibid.*, 162).
 - ³⁰ Authors and Publishers, *Literature*, January 28, 1899, 103; Authors and Publishers, *Literature*, November 18, 1899, 498.
 - ³¹ The time between Carroll beginning the manuscript (November 13, 1862) and sending the final copies to Macmillan (June 27, 1865) is two years, seven months, and two weeks. But if this is extended to the date Carroll received the first copy of the impression Tenniel approved (November 9, 1865), it would be four days short of four years. See Carroll, September 13, 1864, Wakeling, *Diaries*, 5:9–10.
 - ³² The spelling is curious because Wilfred, along with his brother Skeffington, matriculated at Christ Church in May, 1856. See Wakeling, *Diaries*, 2:106 n205.

³³ The language here—"adopted nieces" and "uncle"—is not characteristic of Carroll's diaries and letters. In *The Letters of Lewis Carroll*, Carroll uses the terms "nieces" and "uncle" figuratively in only three letters, and all three in reference to the children of the novelist George MacDonald. See Carroll to Mrs. G. MacDonald, August 3, 1863; Carroll to Lilia MacDonald, January 5, 1867; and Carroll to Mary MacDonald, March 24, 1872, in Cohen, *Letters*, 57–60, 95–6, 173.

³⁴ To put some perspective on this number, between 1865 and 1867, Carroll records meeting 70 children under twenty for the first time, and 143 in all; between 1875 and 1877, Carroll records meeting 133 children for the first time, and 230 in all. Wilfred's estimate may be considered accurate only if we limit Carroll's friendships to those who were truly close to him and perhaps to one moment in time. See Matthew Demakos, *Children Through the Decades: Lewis Carroll and His Girls*.

³⁵ Although it may be possible to defend Wilfred's description of Carroll having a "special mission," it certainly does not come forth strongly in a reading of Carroll's diaries, letters, and papers. He was not involved in any program to protect or govern the use of theater children in productions, and his letter responding to ladies who wished to limit the age of children in the theater to under ten is more condescending than helpful, only defending the practice on economic grounds, and mistakenly using the example of a ten- and twelve-year-old, when only the seven-year-old would have fallen into the category needing protection. Also, according to his bank account, he did not support any such society or charity, although indeed some charities may have covered child actresses. Meeting child actresses happened to be an honestly good way to befriend

children of his liking, namely, those who were attractive and outgoing, two qualities theater children by definition usually possess. See Carroll to the *St. James's Gazette*, July 16, 1887, in Wakeling, *Diaries*, 8:349–52; Jenny Woolf, *Lewis Carroll in His Own Account: The Complete Bank Account of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson* (Chippenham, England: Jabberwocky Press, 2005), 34–6.

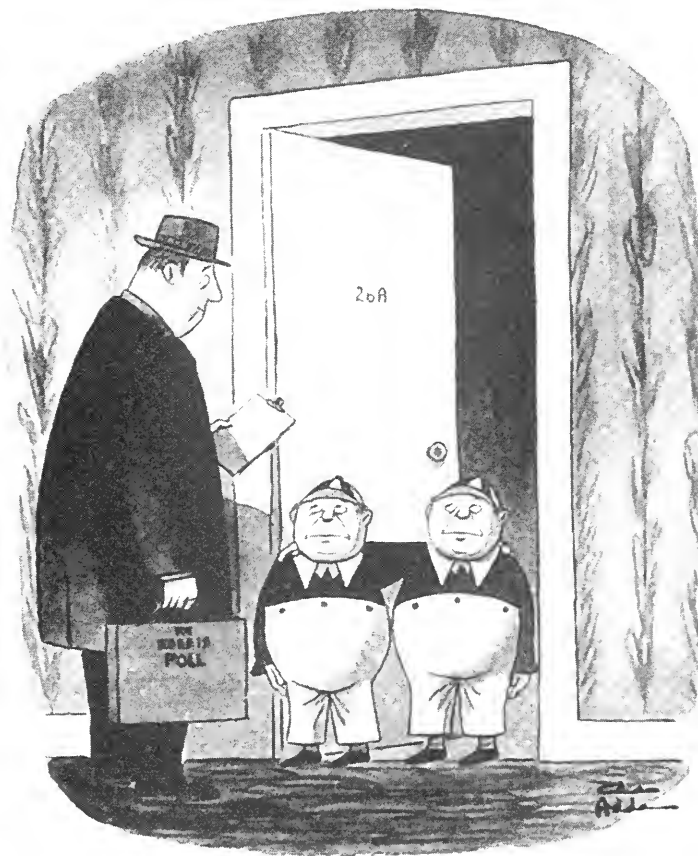
³⁶ Authors and Publishers, *Literature*, December 2, 1899, 550–1.

³⁷ Authors and Publishers, *Literature*, December 9, 1899, 575; Other New Books, *Literature*, December 23, 1899, 609–10.

³⁸ Eleanor Garvey, *Tenniel's Alice: Drawings by Sir John Tenniel for Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass* (Cambridge: Harvard College Library, 1978); Selwyn H. Goodacre and Justin G. Schiller, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland: An 1865 Printing Re-Described and Newly Identified as the Publisher's "File Copy" with a Revised and Expanded Census of the Suppressed 1865 "Alice" Compiled by Selwyn H. Goodacre to Which is Added a Short-Title Index Identifying and Locating the Original Preliminary Drawings by John Tenniel for Alice and Looking-Glass Catalogued by Justin G. Schiller* (Kingston, New York: The Jabberwocky, 1990).

³⁹ Michael Hancher, *The Tenniel Illustrations to the "Alice" Books* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1985); Morris, *Artist of Wonderland*; Martin Gardner, *The Annotated Alice: The Definitive Edition* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2000).

⁴⁰ Edward Wakeling describes these as test pictures for *Under Ground*, with a couple being signed "W. L. D." Some may have been made into postcards. Postcards? Have I proven my point?



Carmen Hortulani Insani / "The Mad Gardener's Song"

DR. JUDITH HALLETT

He thought he saw an Elephant
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
'At length I realize,' he said,
'The bitterness of Life.'

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
'Unless you leave this house,' he said,
'I'll send for the police.'

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
'The one thing I regret,' he said,
'Is that it cannot speak.'

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the 'bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
'If this should stay to dine,' he said,
'There won't be much for us.'

He thought he saw an Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bar of Mottled Soap.
'A fact so dread,' he faintly said,
Extinguishes all hope.'

Visus sibi est elephan-
tus, tibia ludens:
Tuenti bis erat uxor
Epistulas scribens.
'Acerbitatem vitae ag-
nosco,' dixit lugens.

Visus sibi est prati
bos, in camino sedens:
Tuenti bis erat soro-
ris affinis parens.
'Nisi exeas, vigiles
vocem,' dixit furens.

Visus sibi est coluber
Se Graece inquirens:
Tuenti bis erat dies
Mercuri veniens.
'Paenitet unius, silen-
tii,' dixit dolens.

Visus sibi est argenta-
rius, currum linquens:
Tuenti bis erat equus
Fluminis et ingens.
'Esuriam si hic cena-
bit,' dixit irascens.

Visa sibi est ratio,
Pontificem probans:
Tuenti bis erat sapo
Versicolor, quadrans.
'Factum omnem exstinguit spem
Atrox,' dixit mussans.



Latin lyrics by Judith Peller Hallett, Professor of Classics, University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland, who would like to thank Stanley Farrow, Latinist and musician extraordinaire, for his suggestion "that enabled me to retain Carroll's internal rhyme in the final stanza."



Jett Jackson's *Stuck in Wonderland*

ANDREW SELLON



Even those who have (gasp) never actually read *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and its sequel have probably seen one or more adaptations in one medium or another, and know that, in the end, Alice triumphs over the Queens and escapes the ever-madder realms of Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land for a presumably saner world. But what if Alice *hadn't* gotten out? That is the simple yet amusingly provocative premise behind artist Jett Jackson's latest *Alice*-themed artwork, *Stuck in Wonderland*, and to my eye there is a difference in tone worth noting in this latest creation, in comparison with her earlier *Alice* projects.

In a number of previous works (*Leaves*, *KL* 52), Jackson has depicted Alice as an aloof, sexually mature young woman with voluptuous golden curls and a penchant for revealing a bit of bosom—in other words, an Alice the original author would never have presented, and one more likely to provoke than please Carroll “traditionalists.” In *Stuck*, however, Jackson finds a delightful middle ground and mines it to great effect. Here, Alice's Disney-blond hair hangs down utterly straight—in simplicity, defeat, or perhaps both. And her trademark white pinafore is rendered for humor and irony, not sexual provocation, because this time, that archetypal garment has subtly morphed into a waitress's uniform. And while in some of Jackson's previous works Alice seemed to exert some measure of control, in this latest work, Alice is exactly what the title says: *stuck*.

The familiar Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land characters surround her, carrying on what appears to be a particularly out-of-control un-birthday party, while Alice stands center, looking away from it all. Her expression is inscrutable—as it is in previous Jackson works, and arguably as it is in Tenniel's original images—but this time there seems to be a hint of bittersweet dreaming behind the blankness. While the revelers cavort red-nosed around her, Alice looks out almost at us, almost a latter-day Mona Lisa. Is she dreaming of being back under the tree, wide awake, while her older sister reads a pictureless history book, or of posing for Mr. Dodgson's photographs in his rooms at Oxford, or perhaps just of resting her aching dogs on an old ottoman in a tiny East Village

studio? Jackson playfully invites us to speculate. And while we're with Alice in this “No Exit” Wonderland Diner, Jackson also invites us to take a long, detailed look at the dive in which our heroine finds herself marooned.

Given the number of tattoos on her arm (this is still not a purist's Alice), one has the feeling that poor Alice has been there for quite some time. Her inkings range from story-related (a white rabbit, a white rose half-painted red) to surreal homage (a melting Dali watch, a favorite Jackson “quote” and especially apt, as this work is offered via the Dali Society). And Alice's customers? Evidently it's always beer time here. The Queen of Hearts is out cold, head on the table, still clutching a bottle. The similarly incapacitated dormouse, replete with his own tiny bottle and a mysterious little fez, hangs draped out of Alice's apron pocket. The Tweedles are literally cross-eyed, and most of the other characters are doing their best to catch up.

Only a few of the many creatures crowded into the diner still have their wits about them: the Duchess is busily wolfing down a huge plate of spaghetti, a second waitress in 1950s glasses efficiently plows through the addled crowd with her tray, and the short-order cook is making a lobster dish with one hand while tossing a Humpty omelette with the other. Part of the fun of this work is scanning it for the thematic visual jokes tucked here and there (check out the Specials board and the items on Alice's tray, for example).

In the midst of all the madness, large as life and twice as detached, stands our heroine, with her crisp uniform, “Alice” name tag, and smiley-face button. Just as Carroll did with his original stories, Jackson gives us an Alice who is a stranger in a strange land, performing tasks that are beneath her with some measure of grace, in a world crammed with creatures behaving badly—in other words, someone with whom we can all identify. But even if this Alice hasn't yet found the exit, Jackson seems to be giving us a tiny bit of hope that one day she may. Or at least, that's the way I choose to see it.

Stuck in Wonderland is presented as a signed, hand-pulled serigraph on high-quality paper in a rainbow of colors. It is being sold in a limited edition



Jett Jackson's *Stuck in Wonderland* (actual artwork is in full color)

of 500 (250 U.S. and 250 U.K.), and is listed at \$2500, although LCSNA members are entitled to a 20% discount. Even if this artwork is not something you intend to add to your personal collection, if you've a healthy sense of humor about contemporary renderings of *Alice* and an appreciation of artistic talent in general, I encourage you to explore and enjoy this witty work. It rewards repeated viewings—and that is, after all, one of the hallmarks of satisfying art. The image and more information can be found at www.dali.com/gallery/jettjackson.cfm.

INTERVIEW WITH ARTIST JETT JACKSON

After writing about the work *Stuck in Wonderland*, I interviewed artist Jett Jackson to hear her take on it and on her history of *Alice* projects. Ms. Jackson is an extremely amiable conversationalist, eager to discuss what she puts into her work, and what others think of it. She estimated that she has created around a thousand paintings so far in her career. She noted that in general, she tends to fill her works with references to world art history, love, melancholy, and humor, with a slight nod to cartoons. Surrealism is a favorite device, although she does not consider herself a surrealist in the strict sense. She explained that a number of the image choices in *Stuck*, including some characters, occur in some of her earlier works, and as a result, her pieces tend to contain something of a personal art history as well.

Despite an avowed openness to the sensual side of life, she stated that she is surprised when viewers sometimes “over-sexualize” her *Alice* images. Yet at the same time, she acknowledged a joy in tweaking or provoking her audience. In one of her Carroll-themed works, *Alice at the Barbeque*, Alice is grilling the white rabbit—literally. Not all of Jackson's *Alice* images are that extreme, but she did note that her series has strong themes of the heroine seizing control over an unfair world, and even meting out a diva's revenge in some cases. When asked where her ideas for a new piece come from, Jackson said she felt that “The more I put myself out on a limb personally, the more people would be likely to connect with it.” But Jackson readily agreed that while *Stuck* still has wild elements, its message is gentler. She said she reworked Alice's face many times to find the right balance in the expression.

Jackson noted with amusement that she herself has long blond hair and blue eyes, and that comparisons to Alice are inevitable, if not necessarily accurate. She is only too aware of all the *Alice*-loving artists and readers out there: “I was extremely conscious of the fact that there would be an audience very knowledgeable of the original illustrations. And I wanted to honor those images, as I loved them too! I like bringing *Alice* into the modern world.” Among Jackson's works-in-progress is an *Alice*-themed carousel sculpture. Some of her non-*Alice* art can be seen at www.jett.downtownartistproject.org.



THE INVISIBLE TEACHER

NANCY WILLARD



Every writer has his or her own way of learning to write. And there are two kinds of teachers. First, there are the visible teachers, who stand before us in the classroom, read our work, point out our strengths and weaknesses, and challenge us to write better. Second, there are the invisible teachers, those writers from whom we learn, quite unconsciously, what we may not use for years, until we need it. For me, that writer was Lewis Carroll. Before I tell you what he taught me, let me say a few words about how I happened to find him.

The rambling old house I grew up in was full of books, many of them left by the previous owner of the house, who had bought them to fill his empty shelves so that he would appear at least as well educated as his neighbors. Among the Victorian poetry anthologies with their pages still uncut and the beautifully bound sets of Charles Dickens and Robert Louis Stevenson, I found a treatise on the human body written for the young, which claimed that all my bodily functions were governed by magic dwarves. One dwarf inhabited my liver, another lived in the chambers of my heart. If I had a stomach ache, I could be certain that the dwarf who occupied my intestines was throwing a tantrum. An illustration showed him scattering gumdrops and chocolates still wrapped in foil, like a maddened child.

And there was an etiquette book which I thought was fiction because it contained a chapter on how to behave when you met the Queen, and the description of what to wear on this occasion seemed straight out of a French fairy tale:

A Court or presentation dress must be amply trained, and with it a head dress, consisting of a white veil and three ostrich feathers, must be worn. Any competent and fashionable London dressmaker knows what a Court dress should be like, and can guide and direct her customer safely in the management of the all-important details. A Court dress for a young and unmarried woman is always in best taste when its fabric is white and diaphanous. A young lady, unless a matron, should not wear diamonds, nor even many pearl ornaments on her presentation, and she should be careful to

learn well beforehand how to enter the royal presence, to curtsy, to kiss the Queen's hand, and then how to find her way gracefully out of the long room in which the great personages are assembled.¹

As a child growing up in a small town in Michigan, I was not likely to need this information, which is why I remember it.

It was on one of these bookshelves in our house that I first met Lewis Carroll. I read *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* on a summer's day, when I was eight years old, curled up on our back porch in Ann Arbor, and I had just reached chapter four and was reading quietly to myself until I came to the following passage:

"Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honour!" (He pronounced it "arrum.")

"An arm, you goose! Who ever heard of one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

"Sure, it does, yer honour: but it's an arm for all that."

"Well, it's got no business there, at any rate: go and take it away!"

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then; such as "Sure, I don't like it, yer honour, at all, at all!" "Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber-frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they could! I'm sure I don't want to stay in here any longer!"

She waited for some time without hearing anything more: at last came a rumbling of little cart-wheels, and the sound of a good many voices all talking together: she made out the words: "Where's the other ladder?—Why, I hadn't to bring but one. Bill's got the other—Bill! Fetch it here, lad!—Here, put 'em up at this corner—No, tie 'em together first—they

don't reach half high enough yet—Oh, they'll do well enough. Don't be particular—Here, Bill! Catch hold of this rope—Will the roof bear?—Mind that loose slate—Oh, it's coming down! Heads below!" (a loud crash)—"Now, who did that?—It was Bill, I fancy—Who's to go down the chimney?—Nay, I shan't! *You* do it!—*That* I won't, then!—Bill's got to go down—Here, Bill! The master says you've got to go down the chimney!"

"Oh! So Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?" said Alice to herself. "Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal; this fireplace is narrow, to be sure; but I *think* I can kick a little."

By this time I was laughing so hard that my mother came out to see if there was somebody with me. In all my reading of fantasy and fairy tales, never before had I come across a scene which included dialogue that was so strongly rooted in everyday speech. The speakers did not talk like characters in a fairy tale, they talked like real people. And only much later did I notice something even more remarkable: Carroll accurately reproduces the experience of hearing a group of people all talking at once.

Tenniel's illustrations give us the pleasure of seeing the characters. But what made them come alive on the page for me was their voices, including the conversations that Alice had with herself as she fell down the rabbit hole. Since both my sister and I often talked to ourselves after our mother put us to bed and turned off the light, this did not seem to me so much a literary device as a realistic one. So you might say that one of the first lessons my invisible teacher showed me was the power of dialogue to tell a story.



Long before I even knew what dialogue was, I was drawn to stories written in such a way that I felt a real person was speaking to me. Indeed, some of my favorite writers were also storytellers. You have only to look at the opening sentence of "The Snow Queen" to know that Hans Christian Andersen was accustomed to telling stories to a gathering of listeners that he did not necessarily know: "All right, we will start the story; when we come to the end we shall know more than we do now." In the notes he wrote on his own work, Andersen says, "I wanted the style to be such that the reader felt in the presence of the storyteller; therefore the spoken language had to be used. I wrote the stories for children, but older people ought to find them worth listening to."²

Carroll's audience was entirely different. He knew the children to whom he told the stories. These occasions were a private gathering, not a public event, and he did not feel the need to create the voice of a storyteller, and therefore when he includes remarks addressed to the listener, the tone he uses is far more intimate, suitable for a drawing room. Everyone here will remember Alice's reflections as she falls down the rabbit hole. She rehearses what she might say to the first person she meets, and she tries to curtsy. "Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" At this point the author breaks into the narrative with a challenge for the reader: ". . . fancy, *curtseying* as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?"

Having read in the etiquette books about the importance of a well-executed curtsy, I felt great sympathy for Alice.

Carroll's asides to the reader not only bring us into the circle of listeners but they also give Carroll the chance to tell us more about Alice than she can directly tell us herself. You remember her attempt, as she is swimming in the pool of tears, to enlist the aid of a mouse. "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse!"

Carroll follows this with an aside, which like so many of the remarks he addresses to the reader, opens with a parenthesis:

(Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse: she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen, in her brother's Latin Grammar, "A mouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!") The mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

Many years after I'd first read *AAIW*, I took a course in eighteenth-century literature, and found when I read the fiction of Laurence Sterne and Henry Fielding that I was already very familiar with

their technique of interrupting the narrative with asides to the reader. Lewis Carroll had taught me well. I did not realize until I grew up that what Carroll was really teaching me was the art of conversation as a storytelling device. In the opening sentence of *AAIW*, Alice's response to her sister's book makes its importance clear: "what is the use of a book without pictures or conversations?" The old etiquette books in our house had a great deal to say on the subject of conversation, and indeed there was one book, *What to Talk About: The Clever Question*, entirely devoted to the subject. The preface described conversation as the art of drawing people together through a common interest in a variety of subjects. A good conversationalist does not talk excessively about himself.

Alice is especially conscious of this art whenever she encounters a stranger who has no regard for it, as in the opening of chapter five:

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice,

"Who are *you*?" asked the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Even less encouraging is Alice's encounter with the White Queen in chapter five of *Through the Looking-Glass*. The White Queen has lost her shawl and Alice catches it and also catches sight of the Queen running through the woods. Alice goes to meet her with the shawl.

"I'm very glad I happened to be in the way," Alice said, as she helped her to put on her shawl again. The White Queen only looked at her in a helpless frightened sort of way, and kept repeating something in a whisper to herself that sounded like "Bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter," and Alice felt that if there was to be any conversation at all, she must manage it herself. So she began rather timidly: "Am I addressing the White Queen?"

"Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing," the Queen said. "It isn't my notion of the thing, at all."

Alice thought it would never do to have an argument at the very beginning of their conversation, so she smiled and said, "If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can."

In both the *Alice* books, the plot is not a series of events that keep us in suspense but rather Alice's conversations with a cast of characters unlike any she—or the reader—has ever met. When the White Rabbit makes his appearance muttering, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!" Carroll hints in a parenthetical comment that the story he's about to tell might be a

dream: "when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural." And in *TTLG*, when Alice finds herself dancing around in a ring with Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the narrative briefly fast-forwards to beyond the end of the story.

"But it certainly *was* funny," (Alice said afterwards, when she was telling her sister the history of all this), "to find myself singing '*Here we go round the mulberry bush.*'"

The scene ends with a query about the etiquette of conversation. Tweedledum and Tweedledee have suddenly stopped dancing.

Then they let go of Alice's hands, and stood looking at her for a minute: there was a rather awkward pause, as Alice didn't know how to begin a conversation with people she had just been dancing with. "It would never do to say 'How d'ye do?' *now*," she said to herself: "we seem to have got beyond that, somehow."

Thanks to the ubiquitous presence of cell phones, we have all had the experience of eavesdropping on casual conversations. Lewis Carroll takes casual conversation to a new level, because his characters see conversation as a kind of game. They know the rules. Even when Alice is conversing with herself, she has a respect for facts and a curiosity that allows her to speculate on where she is and who she has become.

"I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think—" (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) "—yes, that's about the right distance—but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had not the slightest idea of what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Falling down the rabbit hole with no notion of where you will land would terrify all of us. There are plenty of fairy tales in which characters find themselves falling into underground chambers, and the sense of danger is overwhelming. But two things defuse that fear here. The first is Alice's level-headed response to the dangers of the unknown. The second is the reassuring presence of the storyteller himself. We hear his voice in his asides to the reader, reminding us that he is in charge of these events. And we are not surprised when at last we read "suddenly,

thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over. Alice was not a bit hurt. . . .”

What’s remarkable about the *Alice* books is the number of alarming situations Carroll introduces and skillfully turns into events both curious and comic. When the Queen of Hearts shouts, “Off with their heads,” the order is never carried out, because this is child’s play. Alice knows this when she meets the Queen and says to herself, “Why, they’re only a pack of cards, after all. I needn’t be afraid of them!” The repeated image of games, whether croquet or chess or riddles, reminds us that the storyteller is in control here, not the Queen. But the Queen of Hearts is as mild as a kitten compared to the Jabberwock. We know that Tenniel’s illustration of the Jabberwock was intended to be the frontispiece of the book, but Carroll had second thoughts about it. I quote from the letter he sent to about thirty mothers, soliciting their opinions:

I am sending you, with this, a print of the proposed frontispiece for *Through the Looking-glass*. It has been suggested to me that it is too terrible a monster, and likely to alarm nervous and imaginative children; and that at any rate we had better begin the book with a pleasanter subject. So I am submitting the question to a number of friends, for which purpose I have had copies of the frontispiece printed off.³

There are a number of ways Carroll creates a comfortable distance between his monster and those nervous and imaginative children. Take, for example, his vocabulary. The nonsense vocabulary of “Jabberwocky” does not impede the action, it protects us and diverts us from the gory details. Alice’s response to the whiffling burbling fire-eyed Jabberwock and its demise is a model of common sense: “. . . *somebody* killed *something*; that’s clear, at any rate—.” Second, the monster exists only on the pages of the book Alice holds up to the mirror. It is not rampaging around the garden of live flowers. Third, the Jabberwock has been tamed by the meter and stanzas of the poem in which he lives. If you can sing it, clap it, or recite it, you have conquered the Jabberwock.

One advantage of using conversation as a narrative device is the opportunity to include poetry. When Tweedledee entertains Alice with a recitation of “The Walrus and the Carpenter,” he is surely aware that the death of the oysters at the hands, paws, and jaws of the Walrus and the Carpenter is not a pleasant tale, but this aspect goes almost unnoticed when sung or recited in a poem. When my son was very young, we had a recording of *TTLG* read by Cyril Ritchard, and we played it so often that I could not get certain stanzas and phrases out of my head.

‘A loaf of bread,’ the Walrus said,
‘Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.’

One day I was much amused to find a letter painstakingly printed by my son which included two Cheerios™ box tops and a request for a toy car advertised on the back of the cereal package. The letter started this way: “What I chiefly need is the toy car in the picture.”

When my son was little, I used to read aloud to him every night. And what did I read to him? The books I had loved as a child. If I had not reread the book since my own childhood, I would ask myself, before I read it to him, what scenes or characters I remembered. Later I would ask myself what scenes I’d forgotten. The scenes and characters I never forgot told me something about what makes a good children’s book. Since I have never stopped reading the *Alice* books, I have to ask myself the question differently. What scenes or chapters did you reread over and over when you were a child? That question is easy to answer: the third chapter in *TTLG*, called “Looking-Glass Insects.” The extended conversation between Alice and the Gnat raises a question that probably very few of us have ever thought to ask: Why do insects have names?

“What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where you come from?” the Gnat inquired.

“I don’t *rejoice* in insects at all,” Alice explained, “because I’m rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them.”

“Of course they answer to their names?” the Gnat remarked carelessly.

“I never knew them to do it.”

“What’s the use of their having names,” the Gnat said, “if they won’t answer to them?”

“No use to *them*,” said Alice, “but it’s useful to the people that name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?”

Learning the names of animals and flowers and stars was certainly familiar to me as a child. My father was a professor of chemistry with a strong interest in the natural world, especially butterflies, minerals, and fossils, and much of his pleasure came from identifying them. Because my father was a great deal older than my mother, and because my sister and I were born very late in his life, he did not relate easily to small children. One way I could get his attention was by sharing his passion for identifying things. Identifying a butterfly meant naming it. *Swallowtail*. *Monarch*. *Mourning Cloak*. *Painted Lady*. *Skipper*. Naming it did not help you

to see or admire the butterfly, only to recognize it. But if you could identify it, you could begin to understand its place in the natural order of things.

So the question-and-answer conversation between Alice and the Gnat was familiar to me. Having warned Alice that further on in the wood things have no names (notice that he does not say lose their names), he urges her to “go on with your list of insects: you’re wasting time.” Alice names three common insects, but the Gnat’s description of their exotic equivalents in the Looking-glass world suggests that looking-glass insects were invented by human hands and are entirely dependent on human activities. Here is the conversation between Alice and the Gnat. (I have omitted the comments on what Alice is thinking):

Alice: Well, there’s the Horse-fly.

Gnat: All right. Half-way up that bush, you’ll see a Rocking-horse-fly, if you look. It’s made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch.

Alice: What does it live on?

Gnat: Sap and sawdust. Go on with the list.

Alice: And there’s the Dragon-fly.

Gnat: Look on the branch above your head, and there you’ll find a Snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy.

Alice: And what does it live on?

Gnat: Frumenty and mince-pie.

Alice: And then there’s the Butterfly.

Gnat: Crawling at your feet, you may observe a Bread-and-butter-fly. Its wings are thin slices of bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar.”

Alice: And what does *it* live on?

Gnat: Weak tea with cream in it.

The tone of this exchange is academic, rather like an oral exam. When I was a child, its impersonal scientific tone inspired me to make a little guide book to the fauna of the looking-glass world, in case I ever did find a way of getting there. In the meantime, I had a great longing to construct some of these insects so I could see them for myself. The bread and butter and tea and a lump of sugar would be easy to assemble, but the plum-pudding and holly and the raisin burning in brandy could only be had at Christmas, and I was pretty sure that frumenty, whatever that was, was not available in Ann Arbor.

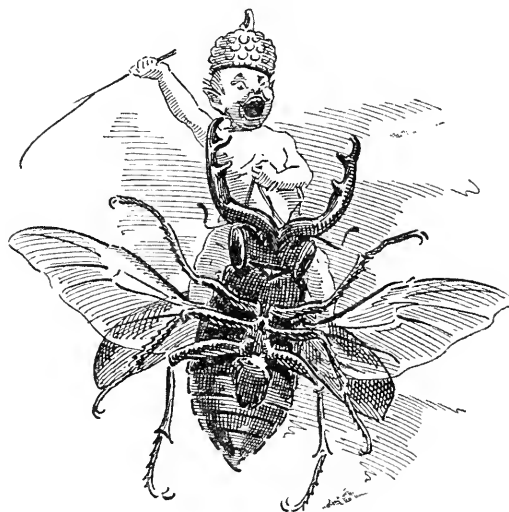
Carroll locates the wood where things have no names not far from the tree under which the conversation with the gnat has taken place, and the description is brief: “it looked much darker than the last wood.” Because Alice is fond of talking to herself, the

reader sees through her eyes the experience of names disappearing. And here is how she describes it:

“Well, at any rate it’s a great comfort,” she said as she stepped under the trees, “after being so hot, to get into the—into the—into *what?*” she went on, rather surprised at not being able to think of the word. “I mean to get under the—under the—under *this*, you know!” putting her hand on the trunk of the tree. “What *does* it call itself, I wonder? I do believe it’s got no name—why, to be sure it hasn’t!”

Alice’s experience here is quite unlike the inability to remember a name that many older people experience. A name that slips from your memory is still there, and what can’t be immediately called up will eventually return. But entering the wood where things have no names is a different kind of loss. It is as if the air itself cannot hold the names. The wood has made all the inhabitants equal, and with their names erased, conventional ways of seeing each other have also vanished. As Carroll describes it, the human child and the fawn are walking in a kind of Eden, where the lion lies down with the lamb. It is Alice’s response to all this that hides the dark side of the woods. To remind you of that, let me read you Jean-Paul Sartre’s description of what happens when names no longer fit the objects to which they belong. The speaker is the narrator in his novel *Nausea*.

So I was in the park just now. The roots of the chestnut tree were sunk in the ground just under my bench. I couldn’t remember it was a root any more. The words had vanished and with them the significance of things, their methods of use, and the feeble points of reference which men have traced on their surface. I was sitting, stooping forward, head bowed, alone in front of this black, knotty mass, entirely beastly, which frightened me.⁴



Earlier in this talk I mentioned Carroll's skill at walking a fine line between what might amuse children and what would almost certainly terrify them. It's likely that many children would prefer to face the Jabberwock than find themselves lost and alone in a familiar place that has suddenly turned hostile. I discovered George Macdonald at about the same time I discovered Lewis Carroll, and will never forget the scene in *The Princess and the Goblin* in which the princess Irene loses her way in her own home. We are told that she opened a door which showed her

a curious old stair of worm-eaten oak, which looked as if never any one had set foot upon it. She had once before been up six steps, and that was sufficient reason, in such a day, for trying to find out what was at the top of it.

Up and up she ran—such a long way it seemed to her! until she came to the top of the third flight. There she found the landing was the end of a long passage. Into this she ran. It was full of doors on each side. There were so many of them that she did not care to open any, but ran on to the end, where she turned into another passage, also full of doors. When she had turned twice more, and still saw doors and only doors about her, she began to get frightened. It was so silent! And all those doors must hide rooms with nobody in them! That was dreadful. Also the rain made a great trampling noise on the roof. She turned and started at full speed, her little footsteps echoing through the sounds of the rain—back for the stairs and her safe nursery. So she thought, but she had lost herself long ago. It doesn't follow that she *was* lost, because she had lost herself, though.

She ran for some distance, turned several times, and then began to be afraid. Very soon she was sure that she had lost the way back. Rooms everywhere, and no stair! . . . Nothing but passages and doors everywhere! She threw herself on the floor, and began to wail and cry.⁵

At first glance, this scene has a good deal in common with the room at the bottom of the rabbit hole in which Alice finds herself.

. . . she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead: before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's

getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked, and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass: there was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw.

The difference here is not so much in the details of place as in the reactions of the characters to their new surroundings. In Macdonald's story it is the emptiness and the silence which frighten the princess. She is, it seems, the only living thing in this place and there is no one who can help her. Alice's circumstances are more complicated. Having drunk the contents of the bottle she finds on the table, she shrinks to a height of ten inches and is unable to reach the golden key. Though she weeps with frustration, she pulls herself together. "Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself, rather sharply. "I advise you to leave off this minute."

What follows is a comment from the author, which interrupts the narrative and defuses the sense of isolation and helplessness:

She generally gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people.

The underlying subject here is the power of play, both formal, as with cards and croquet, and make-believe, or pretending. It's Carroll's way of reminding the reader there is a way out, and Alice has already

found it. She will find it again in the first chapter of *TTLG*, when, addressing herself to her cat, she wishes that she could get into the Looking-glass house.

“Let’s pretend there’s a way of getting through into it, somehow, Kitty. Let’s pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it’s turning into a sort of mist now, I declare! It’ll be easy enough to get through—” She was up on the chimney-piece while she said this, though she hardly knew how she had got there. And certainly the glass *was* beginning to melt way, just like a bright silvery mist.

In another moment Alice was through the glass, and had jumped lightly down into the Looking-glass room.

So far we’ve talked mostly about what I learned from Carroll about writing narrative. But teachers know that what our students learn from us is not always what we set out to teach them.

Now let me tell you a story. Once upon a time, when I was eight years old, I was afraid of the dark. My sister and I had identical mirrors in our bedrooms, which our mother had chosen for us. The mirrors were circular and so large that I could see almost, but not quite, my entire little bedroom in it. Alice’s sentiments in *TTLG* were very close to mine when she remarked, “I can see all of it when I get upon a chair—all but the bit just behind the fireplace. Oh! I do so wish I could see *that* bit!” I never paid much attention to the mirror during the day—after all, I didn’t need a glass to tell me what I looked like. But at night the sweep of lights from passing cars seemed to light the reflected room from the inside. And I had heard stories of people who, looking into a mirror at night, saw not their own reflections but the faces of the dead. What better place for a ghost to dwell than that little bit of the looking-glass room I couldn’t see?

My mother reminded me there were both good ghosts and scary ones. She often spoke of a night, the week after her own mother’s funeral, she felt some-

one pulling the covers over her shoulder, and when she opened her eyes she saw the ghost of her mother standing at her bedside. She shook my father awake.

“Mother’s in the room with us.”

My father was a man of good sense.

“If it’s your mother she won’t hurt you. Go back to sleep.”

The only person I could think of who knew about mirrors from the inside and could help me was Alice, who, unfortunately, was only a character in a story. This Alice was not a real person. Of course Lewis Carroll was a real person, but I didn’t even know what he looked like. But did that really matter? Hadn’t he taught me that the way out was only the other side of the way in? Just before she jumped through the looking-glass, didn’t Alice say, “Let’s pretend there’s a way of getting through into it”? Let’s pretend—Let’s pretend—I knew those words long before I’d read *AA/W*. Those were the words I needed to make me believe that nothing in the mirror could harm me. Night after night, as I dropped off to sleep, how comforting it was to think of Lewis Carroll, standing in the bit of my looking-glass room hidden from view, forever invisible to me but present nevertheless, watching over me and keeping his eye on the dark.

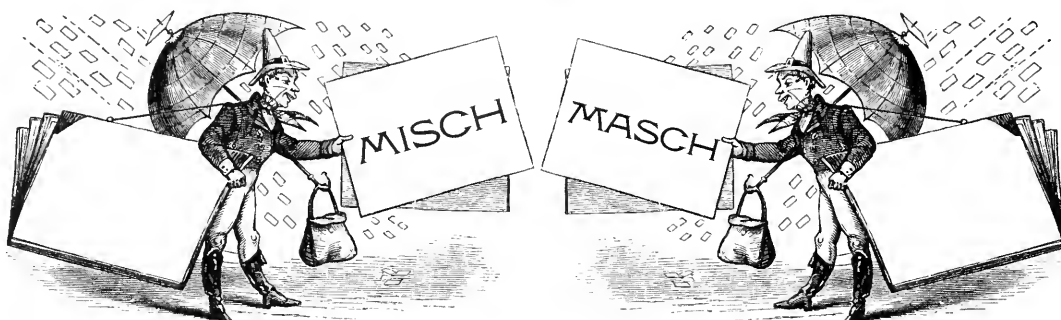
¹ *Encyclopedia of Etiquette*, by Emily Holt, Doubleday, Page & Company, 1912, p. 466.

² *Hans Christian Andersen: The Complete Fairy Tales and Stories*, translated by Erik Christian Haugaard, Doubleday Anchor Books, 1974: “The Snow Queen,” p. 234, and “Notes for My Fairy Tales and Stories,” p. 1071.

³ Note 32 on Chapter 1, *Through the Looking-Glass*, in *The Annotated Alice*, introduction and notes by Martin Gardner, Forum Books, The World Publishing Company, 1960. (All quotations from the *Alice* books are taken from *The Annotated Alice*.)

⁴ *Nausea*, translated by Lloyd Alexander, New York: New Directions paperback, pp. 126–127).

⁵ *The Princess and the Goblin*, Strahan and Co, 1872, reprinted, David McKay Company, 1920, pp. 15–17.



Leaves from The Deanery Garden



In the introduction to our society's recently published *La Guida di Bragia*, Peter Heath suggested that Carroll chose the names "Moggs and Spicer" as aliases for the characters Mooney and Spooney as some sort of in-joke, and indeed the characters themselves refer to the names as an "in joke," though playing on the double meaning of the words. He was likely correct, even though he was unaware that Anthony Trollope used the names in *Ralph the Heir*, published in 1871, about 20 years after Carroll wrote his marionette play. In chapter 25, Trollope wrote: "Sir Thomas heard that some voters in the factories suggested the ballot, and he heard one man say that he intended to vote for Moggs, but he also heard Mr Spicer's reply to that." With this knowledge, the question is now whether it is a *family* in-joke, a *regional* in-joke, or an *industry* or some other type of in-joke. Since part of Carroll's original audience was from an-

other part of England, a regional in-joke remains a possibility.

Heath also wondered if there was a real-life establishment called Moggs and Spicer. But he should have questioned—since Mooney and Spooney and Moggs and Spicer both begin with M and Sp—if there was a real-life establishment that *rhymed* with Moggs and Spicer. Was there a Boggs and Wicer, for example, or a Roggs and Dicer, or even a Hoggs and Pricer? In other words, Heath's search for a Moggs and Spicer would only be justified if Carroll chose the M and Sp beginnings for his 'ooney characters for this very in-joke, which seems unlikely, because the aliases are introduced for the first time in the second act. It is only through Trollope's use, unknown to Heath, that we now question if there was ever a true Moggs and Spicer.

Matt Demakos
Chatham, New Jersey

There may not have been a Moggs and Spicer. However, Mooney's name may be taken to refer to a lunacy caused by the moon; "spooney" as an epithet for foolishness is found in chapter twenty of *Great Expectations*, the work of another great Victorian C.D.

Andrew Ogus
San Francisco, California

Re: Serendipity, Winter 2007 Issue—I was enchanted to learn that some perceptive reader had read my poem "Alice to Cat," and had suggested it for republication in your very interesting *Knight Letter*. I want to thank you very much for reprinting the poem, and also for sending me the two complimentary copies of your magazine. I much enjoyed reading *Knight Letter*, learning about your organization, and appreciating the expert illustrations. May you keep

up with your endeavors! Once again, my thanks, and thank you for creating a small Wonderland in my mailbox!

Candace Orcutt
Teaneck, New Jersey

I was very glad when the *Knight Letter* arrived, I had felt so lonely without my Carrollian friends. I find the *KL* more and more interesting, and of course I like very much to see a lot of "pictures"! Sometimes I should like to know who made them. Perhaps the artists and page numbers could be identified all together somewhere at the beginning or at the end. Sometimes the artist may be obvi-

ous to most of your (native English-speaking) readers; the rest, like me, should have the opportunity to improve their knowledge.

Alise Wagner
Berglen, Germany

Virtually all of the engravings used in Knight Letter as "spot" illustrations were published in Punch between the magazine's inception in 1841 and 1898, the year of Lewis Carroll's death. A very few are copyright-free images that have been collected onto CDs and sold by various publishers.

Carroll himself contributed to Punch, the British New Yorker of its day; his brief parody of Swinburne, "Atalanta in Camden Town" [inside back cover], was published anonymously on July 27, 1867. (In 1869 it

appeared in Phantasmagoria and Other Poems.)

Punch did not begin indexing its "large" and "small" engravings until the second half of 1854, and even then did not credit the illustrators until after our period. As many are unsigned, and some only with initials (which don't always appear in Knight Letter), the artists may be known to scholars of Victorian illustrations, but alas they are not to me. We can be fairly sure Carroll saw most, if not all, of these images, hopefully with as much enjoyment as our readers.

Andrew Ogus,
Knight Letter designer
San Francisco, California

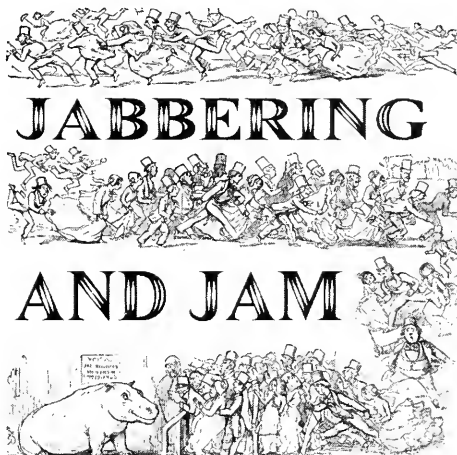
MEMBER NEWS

First of all, welcome to our new members: Greg Bowers, Michael Heller, Erin Hutchinson, Timur Kanaatov, Matt Lewis, Ronald Papp, Dallas Piotrowski, Jerry Redding, Beth Skipper, Janet Smith, and Susan Sodomini. The LCSNA now has a total of about 290 members, of whom 27 are supporting members. We are very grateful to all our members for their continued generous support.

DISCLAIMER

You've probably noticed me trying to encourage people to sign up for our Yahoo announcement list in previous issues. It hasn't really been very successful, but nonetheless, I want to take this opportunity to stress to all participants that the plays, operas, books, toys, whatever announced via the Yahoo Group are not supported, recommended, or in any way endorsed by the LCSNA, and the Society has no financial stake in them. The group was created because your poor Secretary cannot find time to send out e-mails to our members about all the new products, discounts, and events we hear of,

notes from The LCSNA SECRETARY



and the group is an efficient way for us to quickly disseminate this information to interested members. In no way does mention in a Yahoo Group e-mail constitute an endorsement. "Ditto," said Tweedledum. "Ditto, ditto!" cried Tweedledee.

From time to time you may also receive advertising for new books or other products in the *KL*. This too is done merely as a courtesy to members, and is never an endorsement by the Society.

BOOKS—NEW AND OLD

Most likely, you will have received your 2008 premium book, *Lewis Carroll: Voices from France*, by now, so this is a good time to remind you of other books available at member discounts, not all of which are listed on our website. The most recent list was published in *KL78*; most of the books on that list are still available. If you don't have *KL78* to hand, please drop a note to August Imholtz at imholtz99@atlantech.net. We also have a few copies still available of last year's premium, *La Guida di Bragia*, at \$20.00 to members.

BUTTONS AND BRAN

(I mean Pins!)

LSCNA finally has received a new set of lapel pins for our members. We handed them out at the fall meeting, and all other members will receive them through the mail. Those members who have been with us long enough to have the "old pin" may now deem it a collectible. I hope I don't see these cropping up on eBay!

Ravings from the Writing Desk

OF ANDREW SELLON

“F**rabjous**” is the best word I can think of to describe our LCSNA fall weekend events. On Friday, October 24, we presented our Maxine Schaefer Memorial Children’s Outreach reading at Brookside Elementary School in Yorktown Heights in Westchester (more on this event later). That evening, we had a lively and productive board meeting; thanks once again to Edward Guiliano for generously providing a beautiful conference room. And while the weather was variable on Saturday, our meeting inside the Fales Library at NYU was a warm, dry, and delightful affair. Our thanks, as always, to our gracious host Marvin Taylor, and also to Liz Wiest, who kindly helped me coordinate all the details of the Fales session.

Our speakers were a varied and fascinating crew: Jon Scieszka (our nation’s first Ambassador for Children’s Literature), author and professor Nancy Willard, composer Peter Westergaard, and illustrator Mahendra Singh. My thanks to them all for talks that were witty, insightful, intriguing, and deeply felt. While the subject matter varied in each case, the implicit theme throughout the day was clear: the ongoing potency of Lewis Carroll’s influence on our modern arts culture. Thanks also to Disney Publishing, which provided attendees with discounted copies of Jon’s new release, *Disney’s Alice in Wonderland* (which he kindly signed), as well as souvenir prints of one of the lovely Mary Blair illustrations.

Additional thanks are due to the indefatigable Janet Jurist for arranging yet another very enjoyable meal at Ennio & Michael Ristorante. I found myself sitting with former LCSNA President Stephanie Lovett, and Nancy Willard and her husband. It was a fascinating discussion; I only wish I could have been at each of the tables in the room, to enjoy and learn from all the lively conversations taking place. Thanks also to August Imholtz and Janet for coordinating the elections; all incumbent officers were unanimously reelected for another two-year term. So you’ll have me raving at you for a few more issues.

Now that I’ve finished raving about our Carrollian weekend in New York, I want to rave in a different way. For the Maxine Schaefer reading, wonderful school librarian JoAnn Tursone had asked students to write an essay about why they wanted to attend. We had an audience of twenty eager fourth and fifth graders—eighteen girls and two boys. JoAnn noted that a third boy who had submitted an essay was not there, and asked the students if they knew why. One of the girls answered promptly, “Oh, he’s not coming; he was *dared*.” Because some other boys teased him about wanting to go to a book event, the boy didn’t join us and missed out on the reading, the lively discussion, his own beautiful copy of the book, and a brief but merry tea party. This made me both sad and frustrated.

As it happens, Jon Scieszka is working to address the concern that boys don’t read enough. He’s started a program appropriately titled “Guys Read” (www.guysread.com) to provide boys with reading they’ll enjoy and find “cool.” What can you do to help? I can think of a few things. Consider making a donation to our Maxine Schaefer Memorial Children’s Outreach Fund, to help us put more books in more youngsters’ hands. You can donate via PayPal to LCSNA@earthlink.net—be sure to specify the purpose of your donation in the correspondence box—or send a check to our Secretary. Check out Jon’s project, especially if you are or know a teacher or librarian, and share the link with any boys you know.

Also, wherever you are, if you know a boy—or a man—who needs a good book but may not dare to say so, perhaps you can find a subtle way to put one into his hands. It doesn’t have to be Lewis Carroll, just something you think he’ll truly enjoy. With any luck, he’ll find a private moment to open that book, and the words will do the rest. After all, where would we all be if Charles Lutwidge Dodgson hadn’t loved reading?





Notes & Queries



✉ A.L.:

Marion Isham asked (KL80) about Lewis Carroll's influence on the Goons, Monty Python, and later British humor. It turns out that in fact, Spike Milligan once wrote a charming Alice-themed poem/lyric, which was read by his daughter Jane at a memorial service in 2002 and can be seen at <http://lyricsplayground.com/alpha/songs/a/aliceinwonderlandkingssingers.shtml>. (Milligan also appeared as the Gryphon in the 1972 film of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.) Carroll's influence seems to be broadly noted. For example, in *The Goon Show Companion: A History and Goonography* (St. Martin's Press, 1976), authors Roger Wilmut and Jimmy Grafton say: "Rooted firmly in the nonsense of Lewis Carroll, the satire of Aristophanes, the anarchy of the Marx Brothers, the violence of the Hollywood cartoon, and the broad comedy of the English Music Halls, the Goons brought to air the use of techniques of sound broadcasting rarely achieved by any radio organization."

✉ A.L.:

An interesting Dodgsonian anecdote is found in the diary of Edward Lee Hicks, later a famous bishop, who was a classical tutor at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, from 1866 to 1873. *The Life and Letters of Edward Lee Hicks*, ed. by J. H. Fowler (London: Christophers, 1922) provides a few entries from Hicks's diary, including this for October 22, 1870: "N.B.—Heard this evening the last new joke of the author of *Alice in Wonderland*: He (Dodgson) knows a man whose feet are so large that he has to put on his trousers over his head."

✉ Q:

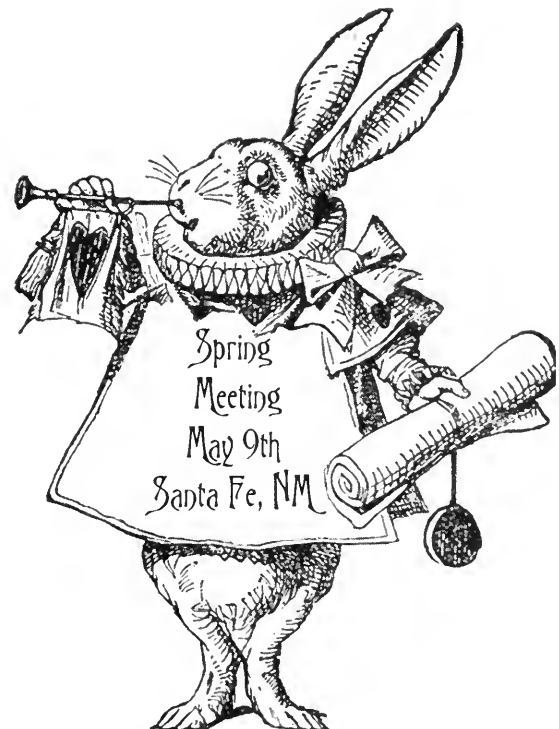
I'm working on the biography of Alabama writer, poet, and artist Eugene Walter (1921–1998). Walter was a member of the Lewis Carroll Society of North America. If you knew Eugene Walter, please contact me. Any input is greatly appreciated.

Gabrielle Gutting
Department of English
Florida Atlantic University
777 Glades Road
Boca Raton, FL 33431
ggutting@fau.edu

✉ Q:

Do you remember your first time?

At this fall's meeting, speaker Nancy Willard asked those present to volunteer a sentence or two about the first time they encountered the *Alice* books. What was yours? We may cite some entertaining memories in future issues.



As she walked down the stairs, the house was still and quiet, with no sign of life. She felt like Alice, walking through a charmed land with its own rules.

From Sleeping Arrangements by Madeleine Wickham, Thomas Dunne Books, St. Martin's Press, New York, 2001

Josh had been their salvation. He had the advantage of age—there is a world of difference between a first year and a second year—but in any case, no bully knew what to make of Josh, with his Cheshire Cat grin and knuckleduster humor.

Perhaps it was the *Alice in Wonderland* effect of the tea party, but they all seemed to have gone a little mad.

"So I didn't just cry myself a sea like Alice then," said Chelle in altogether the wrong tone of voice.

From Well Witched by Frances Hardinge, HarperCollins Publishers, New York, 2007

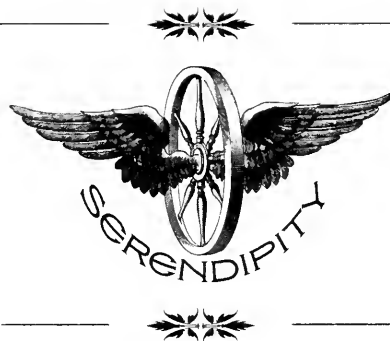
The most reliable guide to a policeman's rank in Indonesia is not his epaulettes but his girth. The higher the rank, the better they are at extracting bribes. The better they are at extracting bribes, the larger the girth. Here in front of me I had Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

From The Wisdom of Whores, Bureaucrats, Brothels, and the Business of AIDS by Elizabeth Pisani, W.W. Norton & Company, New York, 2008

"I ain't never hear tell of a pole-cat grinnin'," corrected Billy; "he jes' smell worser 'n what a billy goat do."

"It is Chessy cats that grin," explained Lina.

From Miss Minerva and William Green Hill, by Frances Boyd Calhoun, The Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago, 1908



By now, his interlocutors would be truly puzzled, possibly edging away, wondering why this snow-haired stranger, an Alice-in-Wonderland figure, sometimes in tweed knickerbockers, should be addressing them on the subject of a family of whom they had never before heard.

From Incline Hearts by A. N. Wilson, Viking, New York, 1988

"I like poems. Do you know *Alice in Wonderland*?"

"Know it? I used to live in the wretched place."

From The Various Flavors of Coffee by Anthony Capella, Bantam Dell, New York, 2008

Not surprisingly, there is a huge amount of repetition in loco[motive] names, over the years and classes. Even female names are well represented, in an otherwise male-dominant era. In the name index of steam locomotives in the UK compiled by the Industrial Locomotive Society there have been twenty-one locos called Alice, twenty-two called Annie, and seventeen called Daisy.

From By Hook or by Crook, A Journey in Search of English by David Crystal, The Overlook Press, New York, 2007

"You could threaten his life with a railway share," Valefor offered. "I have a huge collection of them in the Bibliotheca Mayor, and some of them are as sharp as razors. Oh no, I forgot, you are a *pacifist*. I would suggest charming him with smiles and soap, then. That would be a good nonviolent approach."

From Flora Segunda: Being the magickal mishaps of a girl of spirit, her glass-gazing sidekick, two ominous butlers (one blue), a house with eleven thousand rooms, and a red dog by Ysabeau S. Wilce, Harcourt, 2007

Translator's Note: Selwi Rollcar and Weddar Rale [*note anagrams -Ed.*] were founder members of a Dullsgardian school of poetry notorious for its deliberate cultivation of unintelligibility. To this end they larded their verse with bizarre neologisms designed to reduce their readers to a state of mental confusion as profound as the one from which they themselves suffered. The school broke up when Rollcar, muttering incomprehensible gibberish, was carted off to a lunatic asylum in Atlantis, there to end his days embroidering pocket handkerchiefs with endless repetitions of the same word, *Bandersnatch*, whose exact meaning has never been elucidated.

From The City of Dreaming Books by Walter Moers, translated by John Brownjohn, Woodstock & New York: The Overlook Press, 2008



ALL MUST HAVE PRIZES

JOEL BIRENBAUM

Lewis Carroll tried desperately to get *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* on the bookstore shelves in time for Christmas 1865. It didn't quite happen. Although you did not receive this column by Christmas 2008, in keeping with the general holiday spirit, I will delve into the vagaries of collecting *Alice* Christmas ornaments. This is another category of collectibles that I had no intention of amassing, but I now have over 100 of them, and not a single *Alice* menorah. (My mother would not approve.) Many of my ornaments are displayed in barrister bookcases, glass-topped tables, and on ornament-display trees, while others are relegated to plastic boxes hidden in closets.

Oddly enough, my oldest ornaments date back to only 1974, and as of now I don't know of any that precede that, but I'll keep searching. Certainly there must have been *Alice* ornaments produced prior to 1974. If so, it would be great to hear of any, so send images and I'll post them on our website along with images of other ornaments not mentioned here.

The 1974 set consists of twelve small ceramic figures produced by A Company of Friends and made in Taiwan. This set was reissued in 1979–1980, but was made in Japan. A couple of new characters from *Looking-Glass*, the White King and Queen, were introduced into the set at that time. There have been other ceramic sets made over the years by Decamp, Silvestri, Cardew, and the Smithsonian, but these all had fewer characters.

Alice ornaments have not been limited to ceramics by any means. Polonaise marketed sets of four and five glass figural ornaments that came in painted wooden boxes (almost coffinlike) that were limited to 2,500 each. They also had a set of four playing-card ornaments that they claimed were part of the *Alice* set, but you can't prove it by me. An Italian-style set of five ornaments by DeCarlini showcased the art of glass blowing, but are not particularly to my taste. Abigail Pfeffer also came out with a larger range of glass *Alice* ornaments for Tannenbaum Treasures in 2005, which

included a Dodo, a Dormouse, and an "I'm Late" pocket watch. These, like the Polonaise, are of the Polish style. Many of you may be aware of the ornaments Christopher Radko produced for Disney, but these were preceded by non-Disney designs. Even less known are Radko's glass Christmas ball ornaments that came before those. I have only seen photos of these, but they appear to be glass balls with poorly executed line illustrations on them. They are not very festive, to say the least, and I imagine there aren't many around. Yes, that was me throwing down the gauntlet to all the avid collectors! It is not always the prettiest pieces that are the most collectible.

To be complete about materials used, there were wooden ornaments by Kurt Adler that came with an *Alice* book ornament (a nice touch). Michael Wolfe designed a set of four wooden nutcrackers in 2006, and also produced them in a smaller version as ornaments. The Metropolitan Museum of Art issued a book of cardboard Tenniel ornaments and a set of papier-mâché ones. Department 56 did a large resin set in 1994 that was as colorful as any I have seen. They also produced a cheaper, smaller pvc set.

Disney had glass, resin, and flocked plastic ornaments, and the only one made of tin—a great little die-cut piece. Each year from 1995 to 1998, Hallmark issued a miniature metal ornament of an *Alice* character seated on a thimble. Then in 2000, they issued a plastic Disney "Alice Meets the Cheshire Cat" ornament using lenticular film to make the Cheshire Cat appear and disappear based on the angle of viewing. Disney also released a clever plastic "action" ornament via Enesco that bears mention: The main part of the ornament is a tree with a large rabbit hole in its base. A figure of Alice on her hands and knees is in front of it, on a sliding mechanism. Push her into the rabbit hole, and out the other side appears a much smaller Alice, an expression of wonder on her face.

An Adler-Boncavage set is interesting in that it is made of plaster composition with animated arms and legs. Bucilla had a kit to make four characters out of felt, yarn, ribbon, sequins, and silver thread. Jo



Davis and Dylan Curry designed some cloth *Alice* ornaments based on their primitive art dolls, marketed under their clever company name, Cart Before the Horse. I think they are an acquired taste, but I am fond of their Mad Hatter.

Have I forgotten anything? No, I have just saved the best for last. I feel safe in saying that the most extensive set of ornaments ever is the cloth set by Gladys Boalt. The first one came out in the early 1980s, and two new ones were added just last year. If my count is correct, there are now 43 ornaments in this set. Among the characters rarely if ever seen elsewhere

are: the parrot judge, the lobster, the cook, Father William, the youth, four live flowers, and the leg of mutton. A deluxe White Knight was sold for five or six times what the other figures cost, and is no doubt the rarest of the lot. The Jabberwock is also a figure you probably don't expect to see hanging on a Christmas tree. These ornaments are quality pieces, and each is signed and dated by Boalt.

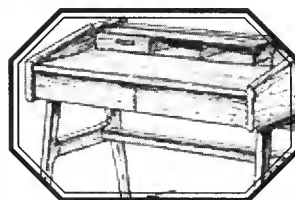
One would have to conclude that *Alice in Wonderland* has become a popular theme for the Christmas holiday. Let us not forget that there was even an *Alice* tree in the White House for Christmas 2003.



A selection of Gladys Boalt cloth and Dept 56 resin ornaments



Carrollian Notes



“WHICH CAME FIRST?”

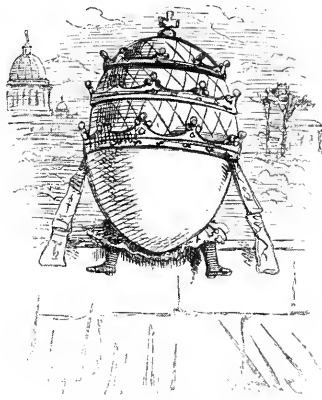
“The real Humpty Dumpty was a powerful cannon used by the royalist forces during the English civil war of 1642–1651. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle led the king’s men and overpowered the parliament stronghold of Colchester early in 1648. They held on to it while the parliamentarians, led by Thomas Fairfax, besieged the town in what became known as the Siege of Colchester. The supporters of Charles I almost won the day—all thanks to his doughty defender, Humpty Dumpty.

On top of the church tower of St Mary at the Walls, One-Eyed Thompson, the gunner, managed to blast away the attacking round-head troops with rousing success for 11 weeks. That is until the top of the church tower was eventually blown away, sending Humpty Dumpty crashing to the ground outside the city wall, where it buried itself in deep marshland. The king’s cavalry (the horses) and the infantry (the men) hurried to retrieve the cannon in order to repair it, but they couldn’t put Humpty together again and they were soon overrun by Fairfax and his soldiers.

... But if the rhyme is entirely military in origin, how come we all think of Humpty Dumpty as an egg? The answer is found in Lewis Carroll’s *Through the Looking-Glass* (1871). Sir John Tenniel’s iconic illustration shows Alice in deep discussion with Humpty Dumpty as he sits upon a high wall. Tenniel, clearly taken with the idea of the impossibility of Humpty Dumpty’s

being put back together again once he’d fallen off the wall, has him shaped as an egg with short arms and legs. This is the first known depiction of Humpty as an egg—one that was to become the definitive image.”

From Pop Goes the Weasel: The Secret Meanings of Nursery Rhymes by Albert Jack, Allen Lane, August 2008, ISBN 9781846141447.



Punch, November 19, 1859, twelve years before Tenniel

“Humpty Dumpty has become so popular a nursery figure and is pictured so frequently that few people today think of the verse as containing a riddle. The reason the king’s men could not put him together again is known to everyone. ‘It’s very provoking to be called an egg—very’, as Humpty admits in *Through the Looking-Glass*, but such common knowledge cannot be gainsaid. What is not so certain is for how long the riddle has been known. It does not appear in early riddle books, but this may be because it was already too well-known.

Students of linguistics believe that is one of those pieces the antiquity of which ‘is to be measured in thousands of years, or rather it is so great that it cannot be measured at all’ (Bett). Humpty Dumpty of England is elsewhere known as ‘Boule, boule’ (France), ‘Thille Lille’ (Sweden), ‘Lille-Tille’ (Denmark), ‘Hillerin-Lillerin’ (Finland), ‘Annebadadeli’ (Switzerland), and ‘Trille Trölle’, ‘Etje-Papetje’, ‘Wirgele-Wargele’, ‘Gigele-Gaele’, ‘Rüntzelken-Püntzelken’, and ‘Hümpelken-Pümpken’ (different parts of Germany). The riddles have the same form and motif, and it seems undeniable they are connected with the English rhyme. The word *Humpty-dumpty* [sic] is given in the OED for a boiled ale-and-brandy drink from the end of the seventeenth century. Its first use in the nursery sense, however, does not occur before 1785, a ‘little humpty dumpty man or woman; a short clumsy person of either sex’. The earliest recording of the rhyme itself is in manuscript, a contemporary addition to a copy of *Mother Goose’s Melody* published about 1803. There is a girl’s game called ‘Humpty Dumpty’, described by Newell (1883) and other American writers, and apparently referred to in *Blackwell’s Magazine* for July 1848. In this game the players sit down holding their skirts tightly about their feet. At an agreed signal they throw themselves backwards and must recover their balance without letting go their skirts. Eckenstein thinks the game may be older than the rhyme. Perhaps the rhyme was not originally a riddle. Eggs do not sit on walls; but the verse became

intelligible if it describes human beings who are personating [sic] eggs. E. G. Withycombe (*Oxford Dictionary of Christian Names*) also associates a human being with the name, suggesting that it echoes the pet forms of Humphrey, which were Dumphry and Dump, while Robert L. Ripley, 'Believe it or Not,' has stated that the original Humpty was Richard III (1452–85)."

The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes, edited by Iona and Peter Opie, Oxford University Press, London. Published 1951; reprinted with corrections 1952.

[The Opies include a number of alternatives to the poem in their notes, reasoning that "couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again," . . . as Alice remarked, 'is much too long for the poetry.'"]

✱

**ALICE EXPLAINS
"KROCKETSPIEL"**

Sarah Adams & Ray Kiddy,
with translation assistance by
Matthias Gottmann

We were recently perusing a "hand-me-down" *Alice*, a duplicate sold to us by Clare and August Imholtz to help thin out their collection. This particular example was printed in Düsseldorf in 1949 and is not in very good condition, but the illustrations are unusual. It is *Alice's Abenteuer im Wunderland*, published by Drei Eulen Verlag (Three Owls Press) and is illustrated by Charlotte Strech-Ballot. At first glance the drawings seem almost childishly rough, with sketchy yet flowing ink lines thickly colored in, very unlike the precision of Tenniel. They are, though, very intelligently humorous. The most surprising image might be the Mock Turtle as a rotund female in a one-piece bathing costume, wearing ballet-style shoes laced up the calf, and lounging so as to show off her long, dark hair.

In contrast to these sketchlike illustrations, we were struck by a single geometrically perfect draw-

ing, all in straight lines, the only one of its kind in the entire book. It was this drawing, which informs the reader where to position the wickets for playing croquet, that led us to discover several pages of text added to chapter 8, "The Queen's Croquet-Ground." Apparently, the unknown author of this section felt that croquet was unfamiliar enough to the post-war German audience that a detailed explanation of the game and its rules was warranted.

This new section tells of Alice's English friends (Alice is German, of course!) and how she learned the game while spending holidays with them. In 1949, Düsseldorf was in the British Zone of Occupation, and while there is no direct evidence, it seems likely that this croquet story was part of an effort to foster amity with the British. This book also uses a thin serif font, similar to Times, instead of the Gothic-style typeface common in Germany in pre-war years. While the book is printed on thick coarse paper with cardboard covers, consistent with a post-war economy, the publisher has gone to the effort of including eleven full-page color illustrations, fourteen full-page line illustrations, and smaller illustrations inset into almost every other page.



Now we are curious whether other editions also have added sections, but we would have to read all of our *Alice* books, in all their languages, in order to find out. So many *Alices*, so little time.

Note: In the translation that follows, we have used the literal translation of arches and hammers/rackets, rather than the correct croquet terms of hoops (U.K.)/wickets (U.S.) and mallets. At the end of the inserted section, the author seems to be attempting a very weak joke about preferring a cutlet (Kotelett) to croquet (Krockett).

✱

"That's right!" shouted the Queen. "Can you play croquet?"

The soldiers remained silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

"Yes!" shouted Alice.

"Come on, then!" roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

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She was very pleased to be able to play croquet once again.

"It is a pity," she said, "that we played this beautiful game so little." She had learned croquet during the holidays with her friend Margaret. Margaret's mother was English and always invited a nephew and a niece from England for the holidays. These children played croquet all day with Margaret and Alice.

"Oh, dear lady," said the suddenly fearful voice of a soldier next to her, "please explain the rules of croquet just once, I've never played the game, and if I make a mistake, the Queen will behead me!"

Alice was a helpful girl and wanted to save the poor soldiers from their embarrassment. So she started immediately to explain the game.

"Croquet, you know, is a game, where a man with a wooden bat hits wooden balls on the ground

through metal arches. The bats look exactly like a schlegel with long handles, they are one meter long. You know what a schlegel is, right? “

“Yes, I know, my lady,” said the soldier timidly; “a schlegel is a sledgehammer. Ah, I wish there were no schlegel and no wooden hammers!” sighed the soldier.

“But why?” asked Alice dismayed.

“Yes, you know, my lady, every day when I take the gardener’s vegetables to the Duchess’s cook, she hits me with the Duchess’s croquet hammer at least five times very hard on the head!”

“But why?” asked Alice, still dismayed.

“Because I always need to sneeze!” replied the soldier.

“I am lucky,” thought Alice, “that I haven’t received even one hit with the sledgehammer!”

“Is the baby always there?” Alice wondered aloud.

“Yes, unfortunately!” said the soldier.

“Why do you say ‘unfortunately?’” asked Alice, amazed.

“Because I always have to take care of the baby for one hour,” said the soldier.

“You do not like that?” asked Alice.

“No!” said the soldier.

“Why not?” asked Alice curiously.

“Because the baby always spits in my face,” said the soldier.

That was something completely new for Alice. “If the pig-baby had spit on me,” she thought, “then I would have simply dropped it on the ground in the Duchess’s kitchen! You cannot keep a child who behaves so rudely! Even real pigs don’t spit.” At the zoo, you need to watch out at the llama cage. As her mum had always said, these beasts will indeed spit, if you look at them too curiously. “How right I was,” Alice continued to think, “that I placed the pig-baby outside. In the forest, it may spit around like the llama. I hope it will spit in the face of the Persian. The cat will scratch the baby so badly that it won’t ever spit again.

How terrible is a baby that grunts and spits!”

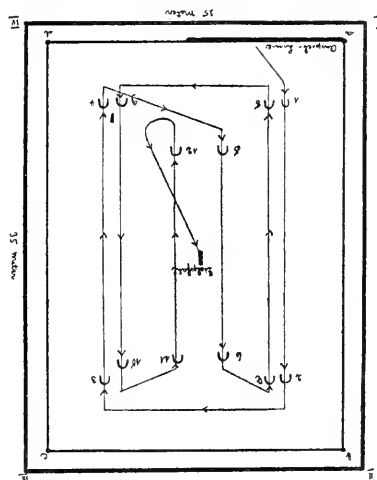
“Please, please!” said the voice of the fearful soldiers, “continue to explain croquet, otherwise I will be beheaded!”

And so Alice hastened to continue explaining the game.

“The main thing is,” she said, “that the whole playing field is smooth and flat so that the balls on the ground roll nicely. It can be solid ground as on a tennis court or short grass. I’m sure the Queen’s croquet ground is wonderful.

“We always mark our playing field with chalk or paper tape. It is 35 meters long and 25 meters wide. Within this playing field, the arches are hammered into the ground in a certain order, which I will explain. The arches are very thick iron wire of about one centimeter in diameter. They are about thirty centimeters high, and the two ends are beaten into the soil, standing about ten centimeters apart. Such arches one can make of thick iron wire.

“The wooden balls may not be heavier than 450 grams, and have a diameter of nine centimeters, so they can just roll through the



arches. You know what ‘diameter’ is?” asked Alice.

“No,” said the soldier.

“You know,” said Alice, “‘Nine centimeters in diameter’ means that the balls are nine centimeters

thick. You know what ‘thick’ is, don’t you?”

“Yes, definitely!” the soldier replied, “that I know very well. Tonight we get thick pea soup. Unfortunately, the peas are not nine centimeters thick, though obviously I would much prefer that.”

“My goodness! He is always thinking about food!” Alice thought. But she didn’t say this aloud and went on:

“Well, I must explain to you the sequence in which the arches are placed.”

Fortunately she still had a piece of chalk from school in her pocket. With this she made the following drawing on the flat paper back of the soldier marching in front of her (see diagram).

“You see,” said Alice, “the thick lines mark the corners I, II, III, and IV as the boundary of the playing field. One meter from these corners, another line with corners a, b, c, and d is marked. The thick line on the bottom left is the so-called ‘kick-line.’ From this line we kick the balls at the start of the game, and all the balls are played from there. Do you understand?” asked Alice.

“I understand everything,” said the soldier, “otherwise I will be beheaded!”

Very worried, Alice continued:

“Croquet is played between two teams. Each player plays alternately. A team can consist of two or more players each. If four people play, two on each side, then it is played with four balls; one team plays with a blue ball and a black ball, and the other team with a red ball and a yellow ball. It is most common to have four people play. Each player always plays with the same ball.

The numbers 1 to 12 on the drawing indicate the order of the play. The players start at the kick line and try to knock the balls with their rackets through the arches from 1 to 12. The order from one to twelve must be strictly adhered to. If a player’s ball gets through

an arch, he receives a point and can hit again, repeatedly, until he stops gaining points, that is, when the ball doesn't go through an arch. Then comes the next player's turn. The order is exactly as in the game of billiards. Do you understand that?" asked Alice.

The soldier looked at Alice sadly and he asked: "Why can't we have pea soup now?"

But Alice said: "You must not think of pea soup now, you need to pay attention to what I'm explaining!"

"But I'm so hungry," said the soldier, and skillfully grabbing a very big fly, he immediately ate it.

"So next," said Alice. "The line with the arrows shows in what order the ball must go through the arches, starting down the left line and through the arches from 1 to 12. First it goes straight through the first and second. Then it goes around to the right, and on the next blow, you have to try to hit your ball so that it stops just above the third arch. Then, it goes straight through the third and fourth. Once your ball is through the fourth arch, you will have to be very careful that the ball does not go straight back through the second arch, but around through the fifth arch. Be careful not to make the Queen angry at this point! Do you understand?"

"I will certainly be beheaded!" replied the soldier.

"Then it goes, as I said, straight through the fifth and the sixth arches. Then left to the seventh, then straight through the eighth, then left again to the ninth, then again far ahead to the tenth, then left by the eleventh and finally straight through the twelfth arch. A ball that has gone through all of the arches is called 'a pirate.' If the ball goes through the twelfth arch correctly, you must hit the ball again with a curve to the left and hit the goal post in the middle. Then you have all the points of the game. Of course, not every-

thing goes as smooth and straight as the lines show. The lines indicate only the order. For example, if the ball does not run through an arch, but past it, the next time you need to hit the ball back to try again, so that it comes to a stop in front of the missed arch, so next time you can get the ball through the arch. This is often not done in one fell swoop, but often takes several blows to get the ball right back before the arch. Between your shots the other players are also a problem, because only when you pass through an arch can you hit again."

"My dear God!" sighed the soldier, "I much prefer pea soup!"

"Stop always thinking about pea soup! Move on!" Alice said, "But that's not all!" And she went on:

"The team that gets all of their balls through in the correct order and hits the goal post first, has won. Besides trying to get the ball through the arches and to the goal post, a player can try to hinder the progress of the game by 'roqueting' and 'croqueting,' which gets the opponents' balls off their tracks."

"I give up!" said the soldier desperately.

"Now listen!" said Alice, "we are almost at the end. When a player hits the ball of an opponent, that's called 'roqueting.'"

"I would prefer dining," said the soldier.

"Don't just think about food!" said Alice, indignantly. "If a player has 'roqueted,' he can hit two more times. First, he has to 'croquet' the ball, and here is how that is done. You place your own ball against the opponent's ball from any side you like. You place your left foot on your own ball and hit your own ball. This way, your ball stays in place while the opponent's ball is knocked from its track, so he will have trouble to get back on track, which is back in front of the next arch he needs to pass through. Adults are not allowed to place their foot on the ball during 'croqueting,' which

makes it much more difficult. My friend Margaret can 'croquet' as well as an adult. When her ball touches an opponent's ball, she can hit her ball without placing her foot on the ball such that her ball almost always stays in place while the opponent's ball rolls far away. Sometimes she drives the opponent's ball far away while her ball passes through the next arch. That she learned from her dad, who is good at billiards. During 'croqueting,' you have to make sure that no ball leaves the field boundaries, otherwise you lose your turn. Remember: When you touch an opponent's ball, you get two more hits. One for 'croqueting' and then one more. Then it is the opponents' turn. You will see that by 'roqueting' and 'croqueting,' you can always get the opponents' balls off track, and the game will progress very slowly."

"I admit it!" the soldier said, "I want to know nothing more about croquet!"

"My God!" said Alice indignantly, "but you're unsporting! You need to know it, but I still want to give you advice: Do not roquet and croquet the ball of the Queen, because then she certainly will be very angry, just as she was about the colored roses. You shall not throw the Queen's ball off track!"

"Yes, yes!" said the soldier. "Unfortunately, queens are always right."

"Now I want to quickly explain to you how to handle the racket," said Alice. "The most important thing in the game is that the eye, the top of the ball, and the goal form a vertical right angle at all times: The player looks at the goal and holds the racket with his left hand, with the left arm pressed firmly on the side. The right hand holds the bat a little lower and carries the force of the shock, while the left hand serves as the linchpin of the momentum. The right or the left foot should be placed in parallel with the finish line, with the weight of the player suspended on the front foot. Surely

you understand what I mean, don't you?"

"Hitting is too difficult for me," said the soldier. "If I rest my weight on my front foot, I'll fall."

"Oh," said Alice, "if you cannot do that, then it is easy to play with the Irish blow. Take a racket with a short handle, one that is eighty centimeters long. Hold the shaft with both hands, swing the racket between both feet, and then hit with the force of both hands. Then you don't need to bend forward so much and won't fall."

"Dear God!" said the soldier, "it will be a misery if I play croquet!"

"Well, maybe you won't play croquet," said Alice, "the Queen hasn't yet said anything about this,

but it can't hurt that I've taught you the rules of this beautiful game. Just think, the parents of my girlfriend Erika are carpenters. Erika's father made us some croquet balls and wooden rackets. The arches we made from thick wire and now we can always play croquet. We're looking forward to it. Our teacher has already said that if we have enough rackets and balls, we all will play croquet in physical education."

"You're really such a nice and helpful lady!" said the soldier. "I know that you enjoy playing croquet. But I have to say that I would much prefer a cutlet! Or even a nice piece of juicy ribs!"

"I do not think," Alice thought, "that there is much purpose to explaining the game to a soldier who thinks only of food, who will

never be a good croquet player!" Alice knew that her mother said that they thought too much about food, especially when it came to candy. "But I'm not so bad," she said. "To prefer a cutlet rather than croquet is too much!"



"It's – it's a very fine day!" said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.



*Lewis Carroll in Numberland: His
Fantastical Mathematical Logical Life*
by Robin Wilson,
Norton, New York/London, 2008,
ISBN 978-0-393-060270,
208 pp, 100 illustrations

Reviewed by Francine F. Abeles

Lewis Carroll in Numberland is the first book about the life of Charles L. Dodgson that is centered on him as a mathematician rather than as a literary figure. Written for the general reader, the story that unfolds is rich in biographical detail and illustrated with many images of his work that have not appeared in any previous publications. The panoramic picture that Wilson draws of Oxford University in the second half of the nineteenth century captures the mood of one of England's oldest and most famous universities.

Robin Wilson is a gifted university mathematical lecturer and this talent is evident in the way he handles the mathematical topics that Dodgson worked on. The reader who is inclined to skip over mathematical content instead will find herself absorbed by the clear explanations of the examples Wilson has selected. For the first time, we see in one place almost all of the major parts of mathematics that interested Dodgson, and to which he contributed his own novel ideas: number theory, algebra, geometry, voting theory, cryptology, and logic. However, his published work on probability theory, except for two of the thirteen "pillow problems" that Wilson includes in the final chapter, is not discussed.

The structure of the book, *An Agony in Eight Fits*, is modeled after Carroll's great nonsense poem, *The Hunting of the Snark* (1876). In the eight fits Wilson entwines Dodgson's whimsical pieces with his mathematical ones so that the reader comes away with an understanding of how the literary pieces infuse the mathematical ones and how the mathematical pieces inform the literary ones.



The introductory chapter deals with the mathematical ideas that appeared in the *Alice* books, in the *Snark*, in the less well-known books, *Sylvie and Bruno* (1889), and *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* (1893). Wilson returns to these books in his discussions of various mathematical topics in later chapters. Dodgson's early life in Daresbury and Croft is described in the first chapter and we learn that he showed a gift for mathematics as a 12-year-old pupil at Richmond Grammar School. Archibald Tait (later Archbishop of Canterbury), the headmaster of Rugby School where Dodgson was sent at the age of fourteen, held a high opinion of Dodgson's abilities. In the second chapter, Dodgson's life at Christ Church unfolds. He had entered in 1850 and received his B.A. in 1854, finishing at the top of his class in mathematics.

In the chock-full third chapter we learn about many different aspects of Dodgson's life, beginning in 1855 with his teaching at two schools for boys, where he used mathematical puzzles and tricks to enliven his lessons, and his appointment as Mathematical Lecturer at Christ Church. In this period too, he developed an interest in cryptography beginning with two ciphers he invented in 1858, the key-vowel cipher, and the matrix cipher (*KL* 59:8). (They were unnamed until they were first discovered in 1990–1991.) Ten years later, he created the alphabet cipher and the telegraph cipher. By 1875 Dodgson had lost interest in the secure transmission of messages, so he used his fifth and last

cipher, *Memoria Technica*, discussed in chapter 6, first as a way to remember the mantissas of logarithms, and then as a method for remembering names and dates.

The fourth chapter deals almost entirely with Dodgson's publications on Euclid's geometry and related issues, including the debate about the use of Euclid's book, the *Elements*, as a text in university courses. Here we meet Dodgson's equivalent and unusual closed form of the Euclidean parallel postulate, one that does not involve lines and their "behavior" at infinity which he claimed was unknowable, which he published in his book, *Curiosa Mathematica, Part I* in 1888.

Two quite disparate topics are discussed in the fifth chapter. The first is Dodgson's publication, *An Elementary Treatise on Determinants* from 1866, the importance of which was not recognized until the latter part of the twentieth century. Wilson clearly explains how determinants are used to solve linear equations, and he presents one of Dodgson's most influential algorithms, "condensation," which is a method of computing determinants that minimizes the computational difficulty. Two parodies about Oxford affairs, one in letter form, are good examples of Dodgson's playfulness on serious matters. The second important topic in this chapter concerns his letters to child-friends. All his life Dodgson kept a letter register that incorporated many ideas currently used in the design of a modern database. To set matters straight it's worth quoting Wilson's comments about Dodgson's friendships with children.

In common with many of his generation, he regarded young children as the embodiment of purity and he delighted in their innocence. His vows of celibacy [he was an ordained deacon], which he took extremely seriously, would have outlawed any inappropriate behavior, and

there has never been a shred of evidence of anything untoward. Subjecting him to a modern ‘analysis’, rather than judging him in the context of his time, is bad history and bad psychology, and often tells us more about the writer than about Dodgson. [108-109]

In the sixth chapter, Wilson describes three pamphlets that Dodgson wrote on voting theory between 1872 and 1876 that were motivated by his experiences on the Governing Body of Christ Church, and which establish him as one of the great nineteenth century writers on the theory of social choice. In 1881, Dodgson resigned his mathematical lectureship to give himself more time for writing. One result was an 1883 pamphlet on tennis tournaments, a topic that shares similar ideas with elections and whose principles were 50 years ahead of their time. The other was his illuminating 1884 pamphlet on parliamentary representation, a culmination of work that began in 1881 when he became interested in elections and the political scene beyond Oxford. He used this pamphlet in an attempt to influence the outcome of the redistribution bill of 1884, an attempt that ultimately failed. Both the 1883 and 1876 pamphlets contain ideas that anticipate modern game theory.

Recreational mathematics is the main topic of chapter seven, particularly Carroll’s 1884 publication, *A Tangled Tale*. Wilson reproduces all ten stories, knots, as Carroll called them. One of these, the second of three problems in Knot IX, is a variant of one of Zeno’s paradoxes that Carroll later developed as a paradox in logic and published it in the journal *Mind*. The reader can try these as the correct answers are included in the Notes and References section.

On September 6, 1855 Dodgson noted in his diary that he wrote part of a treatise on logic.

This is the first reference to a subject that would occupy Dodgson’s thoughts for the remainder of his life and influence all his mathematical work. In chapter eight Wilson describes many aspects of Carroll’s publications on logic: *The Game of Logic* (1886), *Symbolic Logic, Part I* (1896), and the two articles published in *Mind*, “A Logical Paradox,” (1894) and “What the Tortoise said to Achilles.” (1895). Dodgson used the material in his two books to teach short courses in logic at the Oxford High School for Girls and at two of Oxford’s colleges for women, Lady Margaret Hall and St. Hugh’s Hall. Wilson contrasts Carroll’s diagrammatic method with that of his contemporary, John Venn, discusses Carroll’s versions of the ancient Liar Paradox, and reproduces several of the delightfully funny syllogisms and the more complicated soriteses that continue to amuse us. Dodgson died before completing the second part of his symbolic logic book, and it was only when William Warren Bartley published an edition of Carroll’s *Symbolic Logic* in 1977 that included material Dodgson had left in galley form, that the novel methods he invented to handle complex arguments, the most important one, a mechanical test of validity that he called the Method of Trees, became known.

The final chapter is devoted to Dodgson’s work in the last decade of his life, especially *Curiosa Mathematica, Part II* (1893) containing 72 clever problems designed for mental calculation. Wilson reproduces a number of the more interesting problems across the range of topics: arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, probability and differential calculus with several intriguing numerical and geometrical puzzles also included. For example, in a diary entry of December 19, 1897, less than a month before his death, Dodgson described a problem he was working on concerning triples

of right triangles having the same area with sides of integer length. Almost a century later, in June 1996, the problem was completely solved.

Robin Wilson has written an important and timely book that any serious admirer of Charles Dodgson will want to read. His book incorporates discoveries about Dodgson’s mathematical work that first appeared in print only in the second half of the twentieth century. And from this new perspective we can appreciate Lewis Carroll as the only mathematician who was an even greater literary figure.



Alice in Wonderland: An ensemble opera for seven singers after the book by Lewis Carroll
by Peter Westergaard
June 3 and 4, 2008, at the
Peter Jay Sharp Theatre at
Peter Norton Symphony Space,
New York City

reviewed by Patt Griffin-Miller

It’s been well over half a year since I settled in the audience of NYC’s Symphony Space to take in the fully staged version of Peter Westergaard’s operatic journey into Wonderland. I’d seen a concert performance of the opera’s first act at the same Upper West Side venue two years earlier, so I already knew I was drawn to Westergaard’s singular musical take on Carroll’s classic.

I knew, too, that no orchestra would be involved—not even a chamber group. Indeed, Westergaard made it clear in his original program notes that the impetus for writing the opera came only after he opted to jettison musicians from the production. “What kind of instrumental palette could project the wacky, yet logically consistent world of Wonderland? Then it suddenly hit me: Why have any instruments at all?” he wrote. His solution—a dandy one by my eccentric creative standards—was to recruit his septet

to “take on some of the functions usually provided by the orchestra.” Thus, whenever performers were offstage, they stepped up to the plate to provide the piece’s melodic backbone through lush *a cappella* vocals and assorted sound effects. The end result was a totally unorthodox, way cool audio feast that gave the book’s topsy-turvy aesthetic vibrant (and fittingly off-kilter) life.

Musically, the full-blown opera was as compelling as it had been in concert (and when I say “concert” I don’t mean to imply it was devoid of theatrical charm, but it was really more of a staged “sung” reading). But the addition of sophisticated visuals—primarily projections—ratcheted up the impact in the full-length version, as did the pure joy of the performers as they channeled Carroll’s menagerie of characters.

This time around, the singers had access to a variety of colorful costume pieces by Sarah Cubbage—not always Carrollian, but they got the job done—while the scenic design by Alison Carver (with image animation by Keith Strunk and Laura Swanson) tapped deftly into Tenniel’s cross-hatched drawings while injecting several nice optical illusions (Alice’s size-shifting is never easy) that called to mind Disney’s “Alice Comedies” of the 1920s, in which a live girl was superimposed against an animated background to interact with cartoon characters.

With the exception of Alice, beautifully embodied by soprano Jennifer Winn, each of the singer-actors was called upon to take on several roles, so clearly versatility was key to their performance. The cast comprised Amaia Uriaga (high soprano), Karen Jolicoeur (soprano), Abigail Fischer (mezzo soprano), Marchall Coid (countertenor), David Kellet (tenor), and Eric Jordan (bass). (Only Ms. Uriaga and Mr. Kellett did not appear in the original concert,

replacing Martha Sullivan and David Gordon respectively.)

It should be noted that Westergaard intentionally followed Carroll’s *Wonderland* storyline in a linear fashion—okay, no Puppy, but everything else was pretty much intact—and, bonus points, didn’t dip into *Looking-Glass* for additional material.

Westergaard also kept his libretto as true to Carroll’s prose as possible. But this being an opera, he needed to mesh the two art forms. For example, during the Mad Tea Party scene, the sung dialogue throughout the “Twinkle, twinkle, little bat” segment was virtually identical to the book, whereas when Alice encounters the playing cards painting the rose bush, Carroll’s brief back and forth between the characters turns into a duet for the Two and Five of Spades that fleshes out the scenario:

We planted white,
It wasn’t right,
But no one told us not to.
And now just see
The turn that we—
Alas, poor souls—are brought to.

Although Westergaard’s commitment to the child-centric whimsy of the novel cannot be denied, he contends his opera was written for adults. As he noted in the Spring 2008 *Opera Today* newsletter:

Of course I’d be delighted to learn that there were children who enjoyed it too. . . . But why would I think that a book written for children would prove to be a good source for an opera written for adults? For those adults for whom Carroll’s *Alice* books hold that small but special place in their imaginations, this will seem a needless question, rhetorical at best, but basically silly.

That would be us, fellow *Alice* addicts, that would be us in spades.

✱
*Bali & Beyond’s Alice in the
Shadows — A Psychedelic
Rock-n-Roll Shadow Play*

Reviewed by Lisa Marie Pirro

Nestled in the hills outside the McGroarty Arts Center, on a California night beneath the stars, her dream begins. Alice, the girl many have followed through time into the rabbit hole, awaits her next screen appearance as Bali & Beyond presents *Alice in the Shadows*.

As the show begins, a psychedelic shift in time takes place. From behind the scenes, musical memories adrift with lyrics “. . . sitting in an English garden waiting for the sun . . .” lure all eyes to the screen. Suddenly, in a center-stage spotlight, the White Rabbit appears in this unique theater experience of color, light, and shadow. But things are not always as they seem to be. Is he a shadow, or is he white light?

Alice in the Shadows is performed by a small theatrical ensemble in an outdoor setting. maRia Bodmann, shadow master, is the voice and spirit behind the animated ritual, while her musical counterpart, Cliff DeArment, leads the psychedelic mystery tour. The freedom and fluidity of their Balinese-inspired style give Bali & Beyond’s shadow theater performances a transcendental quality. *Alice in the Shadows* was carefully crafted from Bodmann’s love of the tales of Lewis Carroll and the images of John Tenniel. Countless hours were spent carving and painting the sixty-five leather shadow figures used in the show. The shadow characters move beyond their mere physical forms; playing card soldiers bend in impossible arches as the Queen of Hearts boasts a boisterous undefeated reign. maRia infuses both humor and reverence into her performance through her vocal improvisations and brings each individual character to life in the shadows. This theater allows many unique opportunities for

Alice. She can grow taller, moving toward the light, and grow smaller, easily passing through doors, a difficult task for any ordinary puppet with strings, and almost impossible for a human actress. Audience members can even glimpse Alice's colorful psychedelic memories with the pulsing swirling colors of liquid light projectors and vocal synthesizers.

As the story unfolds, audience members are invited to pass between worlds, behind the screen, to see the painted shadow characters in full color, as well as the colorful characters playing in the live band. Children and adults alike gather around the sides of the screen to see what lies beyond. Others pick up copies of Lewis Carroll's book, which have been laid out for their convenience, and read along with the dialogue, which is embellished by maRia especially for the particular audience at hand.

Legends inspire further legends, and the Bali & Beyond musicians move through musical passages like a boat on a river. Images and literary concepts are intertwined onscreen while the four-piece rock band brings music from the Doors, the Beatles, Cream, the Byrds, and other groups from the sixties era to life in the moment. The intimate magic of live theater created by six or seven people is enhanced by the summer night. Everyone is entranced as the Queen of Hearts, the Hatter, the White Rabbit, and the tiny Dormouse attend the trial of the century, where Alice takes the stand. As in the life of little Alice Liddell, long ago adrift in a rowboat, "golden slumbers fill your eyes. . . ." and the story is completed. The colored lights infuse the night until the music fades away. But the dreams, they live inside of us, to be reawakened somewhere downstream. *Alice in the Shadows* is a monumental tribute to those who have traveled the wonderland: musical, literary, and beyond.

maRia presented her marvelous production to our Society at our fall 1998 gathering in Los Angeles (KL 59:5), and we welcome her back to the performing arena. Her site, www.balibeyond.com/alice, has videos, pictures, and merchandise for you.



Behind the Looking Glass
by Sherry Ackerman
Cambridge Scholars
Publishing, 2008
ISBN 978-1847184863

Reviewed by Morris Grossman

It's good that Lewis Carroll was a mathematician and not a philosopher. It permitted him to separate (more or less) his imaginative life from his academic one. Philosophers, especially professors, usually cannot risk being too creative or imaginative. They think to make real discoveries, especially real connections between philosophers. Otherwise they are scolded, usually by other philosophers, for being imprecise, or unclear, or literary, or worse.

Sherry Ackerman is a philosophy professor, an academic, but not without an imaginative, even an avowedly wild or fun side, and she is willing to take scholarly risks. Broadly speaking, this extensive study (professedly 33 years in the making) is another revisionist myth, a keenly self-conscious one, about the vast influences philosophers presumably had on Lewis Carroll (with whom she has an "I-Thou" relationship).

In the long process of making connections, Ackerman steers Lewis Carroll toward her interests and likes, especially as found in nineteenth-century thought. (She has her dislikes, too; any mention of matter or materialism is accompanied by an audible philosophical groan.) She is particularly receptive to mysticism, theosophy, Esoteric Buddhism, Madame Blavatsky, and other sub- or supra-intellectual tendencies that preoccupied Victorian England. She

suggests a move on Lewis Carroll's part away from Anglican orthodoxy, with its distasteful eternal punishment concerns, toward thinkers who promoted universal love and right feelings. She quotes Alexander L. Taylor, *The White Knight*, to the effect that Dodgson "made it clear to himself, if to nobody else, that his God was a God of Love and a God of Mystery, the world vastly stranger than the churchmen or scientists realized. . . ." And there is much evidence that Lewis Carroll had these interests and sympathies—if evidence matters! He preferred Intelligent Design to Darwin.

To make her claims, Ackerman gives very lengthy expositions of the philosophers, with quotations supplemented by textbook sources. She is so extensive about Plato, Locke, Berkeley, Descartes, and a legion of other thinkers that her book is almost a self-contained Philosophy 101 course. The linkages to Lewis Carroll are sometimes remote and playful, sometimes provocative and profound. Both need to be considered.

With respect to the former, Ackerman uses phrases such as: Lewis Carroll "appears to grapple" (p. 54), "reflects this sentiment" (p. 46), "would have appealed to Lewis Carroll" (p. 47), "history makes room for the assumption" (p. 48), and "[t]he eternal nature of absolute time is hinted at when Alice recounts the history of her adventures to her sister. . . ." (p. 55). We are told that Carroll's story about Humpty Dumpty is suggestive of a "satirization of Berkeley's nominalism," since Humpty Dumpty, for his part, "had subscribed to an extreme form of Nominalism. . . ." (p. 50). When Alice cannot reach all the rushes she wants to pick, "[t]he dream rushes seem symbolic of the realm of Beauty beyond the sensible world that is, nonetheless, perceptible to the mind" (p. 55), a "[r]emark of the Cheshire Cat tells us what Lewis Carroll thinks of

sensory experience" (p. 95), "the Tweedle brothers defend Bishop Berkeley's position. . . ." (p. 46), and the Gnat in a conversation with Alice "served as a reminder for the masses of hopeless people who were bereft of assurances of immortality following the nineteenth century attack on biblical revelation" (p. 93). In a conversation between the Queen of Hearts and the Mock Turtle, "one gets a glimpse of Carroll's discomfort with Locke's materialism" (p. 44).

It seems, following Ackerman, that Lewis Carroll was influenced as much by the Mock Turtle, the Tweedles, Humpty Dumpty, the Gnat, and of course Alice herself, as by the traditional philosophers. This is understandable. Lewis Carroll's characters, including Alice, had fewer distractions and more occasion to chatter and loaf than he did. (Anyone who thinks that an author doesn't learn from his characters, but simply creates them *ex nihilo*, has never been either an author or a character.) Without being bookish, they were well versed in what has sometimes been another name for philosophy, critical common sense.

Lewis Carroll is commonly reputed to be very philosophical, and as part of her tribute Ackerman makes him more of a philosopher than he was. He was certainly well read and educated. But everyday reflections, not books, can and do give rise to thoughts about dreams, knowledge, ethics, and "the real." These reasonings, when we encounter them in finer form as someone's "philosophy," invite us to challenge, question, and think back to our prior reflections. The movement is in both directions. And so it was with Lewis Carroll. He articulated puzzles, paradoxes, and skepticisms, but whatever his thinking, he did not write about philosophical issues systematically.

Intellectual influences are often obscure, nameless before they are named, and Ackerman sometimes

over-determines them. In some moods, often without knowing the sources, we are all Berkeleyans, or Cartesians, or Thomists, or Platonists, or otherwise linked to various "isms" and "ians." In other moods (pace Ackerman), we are even theosophists, mystics, spiritualists, satanists, angels, and maybe even Blavatskians. We can be, or know what it is to be, stoical without having read Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus. Although reading Descartes could provoke puzzlement about the status of dreams, it is also a spontaneous human curiosity. Surely the Chinese philosopher who dreamt he was a butterfly, and who the next day wondered whether he might be a butterfly dreaming he was a Chinese philosopher, was free of Cartesian influences. And he didn't read Plato's *Theaetetus*. The creation and discovery of influences is what academia is about, and it is a delicate and dubious matter. It has become catechetical to assume certain influences, for example between the British empiricists. When I was an undergraduate I think I read a paper that questioned whether Berkeley read Locke!

Sometimes a farfetched Ackerman linkage becomes a persuasive one. For example, she thinks that Carroll's character Bruno is derived, no less, from Giordano Bruno. "Giordano Bruno's position on the emancipation of the will would . . . have held significance for Carroll" (p.112). Like the earlier Bruno, Lewis Carroll's Bruno "perpetually questions authority, only recognizing the authority of love which binds him to Sylvie." But Ackerman goes on to make the case with such adroit detail that any reasonable person, I assume even Lewis Carroll after the fact (conclusion first—argument afterwards!), would graciously confirm the connection between the two Brunos.

Can anyone with any appreciation of poetry or metaphor claim

of any proposed linkage that it is not worth a hearing because it is too tendentious, or extravagant? That would be like stepping on a fallen fledgling before letting it try to fly. Or worse still, like wincing at a crude simile without first recognizing that it is a simile! Connections—amorous (proper and improper), metaphorical (good and bad), intellectual (sound and unsound)—are often precarious. Ackerman, in making the case for the sources and seriousness of *Sylvie and Bruno*, might lead us back to more readings, and help us make and discover connections we had not noticed.

Ackerman stresses Lewis Carroll's Platonism, though I would suggest that it was not due so much to an exposure to Plato, or the Cambridge Platonists, or Plotinus, or Porphyry, or whatever else he directly encountered among books and colleagues. His Platonism was his own discovery of the real, of Euclid and Alice, of that special kind of longing for excellence, for the best, that elevated love and reason sometimes create and discover. As I have elsewhere suggested (*KL* 72:11-14), Lewis Carroll encountered Alice the way Dante encountered Beatrice: in both cases a "real" girl was turned into, discovered to be, someone else. (Much the way Ackerman encounters Lewis Carroll.) But which was the real one? Was the "real" girl altered or evaded and the "unreal" girl found, or was it the other way around? As Ackerman nicely explains (and here it helps to be a philosophy professor), the issue of which Alice is real is precisely the challenge of Platonism. Any supposed search for the real Lewis Carroll, the man behind the myths, deserves the same dubiety. She quotes the claim that "there was no human being corresponding to Lewis Carroll." Indeed, the needed parallel claim is that "there is no myth corresponding to Lewis Carroll!"

Ackerman's book is far more detailed than this cursory look can

begin to suggest. What we might learn from Lewis Carroll, also anciently from Plato and newly from Ackerman, is to rethink our habitual notions of the real and unreal. Western philosophy remains hoist on the petard of its search for an *ens realissimus*. In fairness to, and in praise of, Ackerman—and in unfairness to all real Lewis Carroll scholars!—I would suggest that writing about him can be both sound and daring, scholarly and fanciful.

Whether one reads this book to learn about Lewis Carroll, or about Professor Ackerman, or about oneself—it is well worth the effort.



Disney's Alice in Wonderland

Retold by Jon Scieszka;

Pictures by Mary Blair

Disney Publishing Group, 2008

ISBN 978-142310728-6

Reviewed by Andrew Sellon

The first thing I noticed about this new storybook was the gorgeous artwork. The second is that the name Lewis Carroll appears only once in passing—and that's on the inside of the dust jacket. To Disney's credit, unlike in their original film, here it's spelled correctly. But while I think it would have been appropriate to give Carroll a bit of credit on the title page, author Jon Scieszka is retelling the Disney animated film, not the original book, and his contribution should be assessed on that basis.

Scieszka, our country's first National Ambassador for Young People's Literature, works faithfully to retain Carroll's light touch, and does very much what Carroll did with his own *Nursery Alice*, taking a charmingly matter-of-fact tone about all the nonsense Alice encounters, and stopping occasionally to ask the children presumably reading this, or being read to, what they would do if they found themselves in Alice's shoes. He even artfully manages to sneak in a bit of Carrollian prose, and one of

the poems ("Twinkle, Twinkle"), which is all to the good.

The illustrations, published here for the first time in storybook form, are taken from the seminal concept art that the late, great animation artist Mary Blair created for the Disney film. They are simply beautiful, and ideally suited to a storybook format. Disney has done them justice in this elegantly produced, glossy hardcover. The visual style is free, blending a feeling of childlike crayon coloring with an adult's eye for pleasing design. You may be hard-pressed to pick a favorite—although mine at the moment is the one of Alice confronted by the shadow of the card soldiers. Blair's pictures also play effectively with both the light and dark aspects of the story; compare her first clean, traditional images of the flowers (very much like the final versions in the film) with the more abstract ones she presents after they turn on Alice. The layout of the images and text is playfully and sumptuously rendered across the heavyweight pages.

Carroll purists may not seek out this book, but I think the intended audience of young children will be thoroughly engaged by Scieszka's easygoing storytelling, and anyone with eyes should be delighted with Blair's rich and imaginative images. One can only hope that enjoyment of this pretty edition will lead young children to explore the original books when they are older. This version is a decidedly upscale alternative to the Disney Golden Book retelling, and would make a lovely gift for the creative youngster on your list—or for yourself.



Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

Illustrated by Maggie Taylor

Modernbook Editions, 2008

ISBN 978-0-9801044-1-7

Reviewed by Andrew Sellon

The press release for this new edition states: "This stunning coffee-table volume, a combination of

Carroll's surreal prose and Taylor's computer-based photographic art, merges whimsical Victorian sensibility with 21st Century technological know-how." That sums it up nicely. Taylor's volume is large, and well-suited for placement where it will be picked up and admired.

The delightfully creative photo-meets-Photoshop collage illustrations manage to be simultaneously playful, mysterious, and moodily evocative of another time and place. Taylor's palette has a suitably antique tone, with rich, deeply saturated colors that enhance the period photographs she has chosen to manipulate. Appropriately enough, each image is staged with the look and feel of a Victorian photo portrait—seen through a surrealist photographer's eye. Given the *Alice* author's fondness for having some of his own photographs hand-colored, I suspect Taylor's images would have delighted as well as fascinated him. Her decision to use images of different girls from the ages of 5 to 16 to represent Alice at various stages adds to both the uniqueness and the universality of the interpretation.

As with other pleasing photo-inspired editions (such as the underappreciated Abelardo Morell version of a few years ago), you don't know what you will see when you turn the next page, but you know it will be new and fascinating. Much to Taylor's credit, she often chooses to include images or characters not generally given as much attention by illustrators, like the little crocodile improving his shining tail, and a guinea pig in the act of being suppressed. Each image in the book is likely to hold you spellbound for a few moments.

My only minor reservation about the book is its uneven introduction by Norman N. Holland, whose website indicates that "psychoanalytic psychology" is his realm of expertise. He makes some interesting if occasionally

redundant observations about Taylor's influences, process, and creations, but many of his comments about Carroll, Tenniel, and the original book are unfortunate. At one point, Holland declares, "With the point of Carroll's parodies lost, *Alice* rarely succeeds nowadays as a children's book—too weird and those spooky Tenniel illustrations!" Since I have read chapters of both books to countless groups of delighted schoolchildren over the past decade, I can only say that he is mistaken. Elsewhere, Holland states simply that "Dodgson's mathematical work never amounted to much." He might want to leave the question of such an assessment to a mathematician.

I do agree with Holland on one main point, however: Taylor's illustrations are works of art. Her fantastical images are more than enough reason to buy this handsome volume.

@lice in www.underland
New York International
Fringe Festival
August 8–24, 2008

Reviewed by Elinor Heller

The impetus being an announcement received from the LCSNA Yahoo group, I grabbed my seven-year-old *Alice*-deprived grandson, and headed downtown for a most delightful hour of inspired dance: *@lice in www.underland* at the New York City Fringe Festival.

To begin this cyberspace adventure, Alice gains access to the Internet, or rather the rabbit hole, by figuring out the password on her computer. The performance was wonderful, innovative, and energetic, with talented dancers and multimedia staging. For example, the show made very clever use of what resembled teeth retainers that were handed out to the audience. During the Cheshire Cat's tap dance, these sent forth colored strobe lights from the mouth when

bitten down upon. But, overall, my favorite part was the rapping Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee. The poster can be seen at www.underland.net.

Lewis Carroll

By Anne Higgonet

Phaidon Press Limited, 2008

ISBN 978-0-7148-4282-0

Reviewed by Andrew Sellon

While editions of Lewis Carroll's literary works often display marvelous visual creativity in their design and layout, scholarly texts about him tend to look about as dry as the mouse's tale sounds. *Lewis Carroll*, Anne Higgonet's new examination of Carroll's photography, is a happy exception. The dust jacket uses an excerpt from *Through the Looking-Glass* to pick out the letters of his name, and the book covers underneath the jacket owe a humorous debt to the King of Hearts. Inside, the book has charmingly trimmed corners and a pleasingly open and simple layout. In short, the lovely presentation has a suitably Carrollian spirit.

Professor Higgonet teaches art history at Barnard College, Columbia University, and her stated areas of expertise are "nineteenth-century art and the representation of childhood," making Carroll an ideal subject for her study. She rightly acknowledges prior scholars of Carroll's photography, but Higgonet's book differs from those of her predecessors in two ways. First, her introduction is noticeably shorter. But while the biographical details are too sparse (Carroll's life, birth to death, is summed up in a single cursory paragraph), the essay otherwise touches on all the other basic topics one would wish.

Higgonet provides a concise technical description of photography in Carroll's time, as well as a thoughtful period context for his photographic oeuvre. She also highlights instances where Carroll's loves of writing and of photography and images overlap.

And she provides the appropriate, well-considered cautions when comparing our time to Carroll's with regard to the question of any possible sexual undertones in his photographing young girls. (A minor cavil: One of Higgonet's attempts to put her Victorian subject in a modern context may mislead anyone unfamiliar with the details of early photography. In rightly praising Carroll's expertise in preparing his models, Higgonet states that he "waited for the perfect moment to click the shutter." The mass-produced shutter-release mechanism, of course, came well after Carroll's photographic years. Some closer editorial fact-checking might have been in order for this volume.)

The other, more important way in which Higgonet's book differs from those of her predecessors is that it briefly evaluates Carroll's photographs from an artistic viewpoint. Opposite each image, she presents a concise but thoughtful aesthetic appraisal, inviting us to admire Carroll's artistry through her experienced eye. Happily, Higgonet also shares at least a few more biographical and historical tidbits in these paragraphs. The chronological set of images she has selected, while alas not including anything new, is well reproduced, and provides a good, representative balance of children and adults. With her critical observations, Higgonet helps us appreciate Carroll's subtle use of light and dark, positive and negative space, flesh and fabric—not to mention his uncanny ability to capture the simple, honest essence of a child, despite any artifice in the pose. And she is quite right that the images of children seem the most modern—or perhaps most timeless.

While nothing here is revelatory, with her commentary, Higgonet ensures that this book is not to be mistaken for just a catalog, or a repeat of previous publications, but is in fact an interesting and attractively packaged new work worth considering for your bookshelf.

ART

Z. W. Wolkowski of the University of Paris has completed *Lewis Carroll: The Spirit and the Letter*, a chirographic and semi-otic study of his selected quotations, a group of ten calligraphic documents, each about 11 × 16 inches, featuring well-known quotations from Lewis Carroll. They are available for exhibits, general public exposition, or other means of sharing. He can be reached at zww@ccr.jussieu.fr.

White Rabbit Press has just launched a new signed and numbered limited edition of prints from *The Nursery Alice*, \$750 and \$1,000, with a 10 percent discount for LCSNA members. The prints are signed by Caroline Luke (great-great-grandniece of Charles Dodgson), Mary Jean St Clair (granddaughter of Alice Hargreaves, née Liddell), Walter Tenniel Evans (great-nephew of Sir John Tenniel), Lesley (Dalrymple) O'Neil (great-grandniece of Emily Gertrude Thomson), and Edward Wakeling (former Chairman of the Lewis Carroll Society and noted Carroll scholar and author). See www.alice-in-wonderland.biz.

Artist Dallas Piotrowski offers for sale full-color note cards (blank inside) entitled "I'm Late" of the White Rabbit, with pocket watch in hand and watchwork background, for \$3.50 each or \$15.00 for five cards. Limited edition prints are also available of "I'm Late," "Wonderland" (Joyce Carol Oates as Alice), and "Looking-glass Alice" with checkerboard background. Contact Dallas at dallaspiotrowski@yahoo.com or Dallas Piotrowski, 44 Whitehall Rd., Hamilton Sq., NJ 08690.

Despite the name, Sydney sculptor Rod McRae's new piece, *Alice in Wonderland*, has nothing to do with AAIW. . . . The series of larger-than-life sculptures is based



on the inhabitants, including Alice the elephant, of Wonderland City, an amusement park that drew thousands of people to Tamarama Beach in New South Wales between 1906 and 1911. See <http://tinyurl.com/6hrrug>.

Duirwaigh Gallery's online exhibition "A Walk Through Wonderland" was held October 27–November 30th, 2008, at www.DuirwaighGallery.com. Sculptors, painters, and multi-media artists from around the world presented their *Alice*-inspired works. (Also be sure to check out the Gallery's short film "A Knock at the Door," which includes several Alice images.)

The exhibit I Rossetti tra Vasto e Londra (The Rossettis between Vasto and London) includes photographs of Pre-Raphaelite painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet Christina Rossetti, and their siblings, critic William Michael Rossetti and author Maria Francesca Rossetti, taken by their close friend Charles Dodgson. The exhibit was at the Musei Civici di Palazzo d'Avalos (www.noicultura.it/indice.html), Vasto, Italy, from August 14 to November 16. For further information, see the London *Times* article, "Italian homecoming for Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti" at <http://tinyurl.com/5vassl>.

As part of her "Off With Their Heads" series, artist Judith G. Klausner has recreated the "painting the roses red" scene from AAIW. . . with the Queen of Hearts

and Card Gardeners made from praying mantises! See www.rogue-entomologist.com/sets/6/.

The Liverpool (U.K.) Academy of Arts (www.la-art.co.uk) had an open exhibition on the theme of AAIW and TTLG from July 22 to August 7, with over a hundred wonderfully varied paintings and sculptures by Merseyside artists. The exhibit also included a series of Alice paintings created by June

Lornie, and photographs and details from the lives of Lewis Carroll/Charles Dodgson and Alice Liddell supplied by members of the Daresbury Lewis Carroll society. See www.la-art.co.uk/Exhibitions/E133.php.

On the front cover of the July issue of *Art Monthly Australia* (www.artmonthly.org.au) was artist Polixeni Papapetrou's photo "Olympia as Lewis Carroll's Beatrice Hatch before White Cliffs" (taken in 2002), which features her then-five-year-old daughter Olympia in the nude. The work has generated a great deal of controversy in Australia over whether child nudity equals child pornography. (Papapetrou's "Dreamchild" series was featured in *KLs* 71 and 72.) See <http://tinyurl.com/56w3hs>.

Kenyon College's (Gambier, Ohio) recently restored Peirce Hall boasts two beautiful full-color stained-glass *Alice* windows, showing the White Rabbit and the Lobster Quadrille, respectively. These are pictured in a new book for Kenyon donors, "Stained Glass of Peirce Hall," which also features a short reflection on the windows by Jennifer S. Clarvoe, Professor of English.

Dover Books has a new book of royalty-free clip art, *Classic Children's Book Illustrations CD-ROM and Book* (ISBN 0486998622), compiled by Mary Carolyn Waldrep. With many AAIW-related pictures,

its “229 color and black-and-white drawings and paintings spotlight the glorious imaginations of leading illustrators such as Beatrix Potter, Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, N. C. Wyeth, Edmund Dulac, Jessie Wilcox Smith, and many others.” Sample illustrations can be viewed at <http://tinyurl.com/5lgj5p>.

Part group show, part art installation, The Alice Project, “an Installation of Curious Proportions” at the Stevens Square Center for the Arts, Minneapolis, MN, from July 26 to August 17, exhibited Alice-inspired art from more than a dozen artists. Patrons “fell” up a staircase “rabbit hole,” followed a winding path through exhibits and scenes from the book, played chess-croquet, and ended up at the Mad Tea Party. See www.stevensarts.org and search on “alice” for photos.

ARTICLES & ACADEMIA

An article by member Clare Imholtz, “Two Simultaneous Editions of Lewis Carroll’s *The Game of Logic*,” appears in the Fall 2008 issue of *American Notes and Queries* (vol. 21, no. 4).

An article by Pinhas Ben-Zvi, “Lewis Carroll and the Search for Non-Being,” “in which Humpty Dumpty, a true Heraclitean, asserts that there must exist an opposite to a birthday which is an un-birthday,” appears in *The Philosopher*, vol. LXXXX, no. 1, Spring 2002, www.the-philosopher.co.uk/alice.htm.

Members Clare and August Imholtz presented works-in-progress papers at the December 2008 meeting of the Washington Area Group for Print Culture Studies, Clare on contributions of Philadelphia writer and collector Joseph Jackson to Lewis Carroll bibliography, and August on the inside story of the return of the *AAuG* manuscript to Britain in 1948.

A medical analysis of Flemish artist Quinten Massys’s 1513 portrait, *An Old Woman*, upon which Tenniel is supposed to have based *Alice’s*

Duchess, shows that she was suffering from an advanced form of Paget’s disease. In addition, art historians have established that a similar work by Leonardo Da Vinci is a copy of Massys’s, not vice versa as previously supposed. “Solved: mystery of The Ugly Duchess—and the Da Vinci connection,” Mark Brown, *The Guardian*, October 11, 2008, <http://tinyurl.com/5byg5f>.

In June, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit cited *The Hunting of the Snark’s* “what I tell you three times is true” in a ruling on a Guantanamo Bay detainee. The court “slammed the reliability of U.S. government intelligence documents, saying just because officials keep repeating their assertions does not make them true.” Bill Mears, *CNNWire*, June 30, 2008, <http://tinyurl.com/5wj3gg>.

The Toronto *Globe and Mail’s* “50 greatest books series” included *AAuW* on September 20. The conclusion of Ian Stewart, math professor at University of Warwick, U.K., is “None compares remotely to *Alice*—except *TTLG*, which captures the same dreamlike quality and fantastic imagination, and may even be better.” See <http://tinyurl.com/5kqel5>.

Saint Petersburg Days, an event sponsored by Vassar College’s Study Away Office, Russian Studies Department, and Palmer Gallery, featured a lecture by Professor Nikolai Firtich on November 19, entitled “City of Wonders: Saint Petersburg’s Myth Through the Eyes of Lewis Carroll.” Firtich analyzed the mythology and culture of the city through the impressions of Lewis Carroll from his visit to Saint Petersburg in 1867.

St. Peter’s Church at Croft-on-Tees, famous for being the church where Lewis Carroll’s father was rector, had the copper stolen from its roof—the second time it was vandalized in two years. “£23,000 copper theft from ‘Lewis Carroll’ church,” October 11,

2008, *The Northern Echo*, <http://tinyurl.com/5j5w4q>.

The Telegraph’s article of October 15, 2008, “Dormice breed successfully in the wild,” reports “Conservationists are jubilant that the tiny mammals have adapted quickly to a new territory established in a national park in Yorkshire.” See <http://tinyurl.com/5htw44>.

A new junior rugby team for the Warrington area (U.K.) has been named the Cheshire Cats after locally born Lewis Carroll’s “grinning moggie.” “New junior Warrington rugby league team Cheshire Cats to play in Midlands League,” *The Warrington Guardian*, November 9, 2008, <http://tinyurl.com/66fkdv>.

Illustrator Colleen Champ and microphotographer Dennis Kunkel received first prize in the National Science Foundation’s annual Science and Engineering Visualization Challenge for creating a highly original version of the Mad Tea Party. The image appeared on the cover of *Science Magazine* (September 26, 2008). Champ Photoshopped Kunkel’s photomicrograph and transformed three beetles into the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse. They drink tea at a table made of butterfly wings, set in a field of crystallized vitamin C while aphids fly overhead. Champ and Kunkel are planning to develop a book of illustrations to be called *Alice’s Adventures in a Microscopic Wonderland*.

BOOKS

The Association for Library Services to Children has teamed up with *The Oprah Winfrey Show* to provide a Kids Reading List on the show’s website, which includes this listing for *Jabberwocky* as illustrated by Christopher Myers: “The classic nonsense poem at last makes sense when brilliantly illustrated as an urban playground one-on-one basketball game where intimidating size meets quickness and skill.” See <http://tinyurl.com/6od4ad>.

From Flock Beds to Professionalism:

A History of Index-Makers by Hazel Bell (Oak Knoll, 2008) includes an essay by August Imholtz, entitled “Lewis Carroll: the orderly mind at work.”

Book & Magazine Collector magazine celebrated its 300th issue in November with the cover story “Alice and Her Imitators.” The article, by Nick Hogarth, is about *AAIW* parodies, distortions, continuations, and other variations, and includes a six-page select bibliography: www.bookandmagazinecollector.com.

The Folio Society is offering a limited edition of *AAuG* (<http://tinyurl.com/62h56n>). This leather-bound edition seems to be reproduced from the original, owned by the British Library, and is accompanied by “an illuminating companion booklet, in which Sally Brown, Curator of Modern Manuscripts at the British Library, traces the manuscript’s development, and explores Carroll’s friendship with Alice Liddell and her family.” (The booklet appears to be the same as one available from the British Library, *Treasures in Focus: Alice’s Adventures Under Ground*: <http://tinyurl.com/5fgzx5>.)

Literary Feasts: Inspired Eating from Classic Fiction (Atria, 2006, ISBN 1932338292) by Sean Brand has a section on the Mad Tea Party, and most important for the thrifty collector, is currently available in fine bookstores’ and online retailers’ bargain bins.

Jim Dale, actor and reader of the *Harry Potter* audiobooks, has recorded an unabridged *AAIW* audiobook (ISBN 978-0739367384, Listening Library, 2008), available at all fine bookstores and booksites.

A new colored edition of *AAIW* is now available from illustrator Tatiana Ivanovskaia. Fifty copies are available at \$40 (plus postage), with perfect binding, paper cover, 63 original colored illustrations. Another 50 are available at \$25 (plus postage), due to some print-

ing flaws, e.g., change of the font, duplicated pages that had to be removed. Pictures at the beginning of “The Mad Tea Party,” on page 8 and on page 38, look different in the two runs. The artist can sign the book if requested. If interested, write to Tatiana at tianovskaia@yahoo.ca.

Christophe Leroy, president of the Rhone [France] Chess Society, invites us to the deciphering of the mysterious chess game in *TTLG* in his *Alice et le maître d’échecs (Alice and the Chess Master)* (<http://tinyurl.com/5jghhh>). More information about M. Leroy’s chess adventures can be seen at <http://tinyurl.com/6mhhtx>. In response, Arne Moll has written a very interesting article, “Lewis Carroll’s chess problem,” on the ChessVibes website: <http://tinyurl.com/6hm2yb>.

Patricia Sweet’s Bo Press Miniature Books has the Bellman’s Map available in three sizes: a map portfolio at $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{8}$ ”, an “extravagantly bound” portfolio at $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ ”, and a micro-miniature portfolio at $1 \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ ”: www.bopressminiaturebooks.com/maps.html

Women Who Read Are Dangerous, by Stefan Bollman (2008, Merrell, ISBN 978-1858944654), celebrates reading women in paintings, photographs, drawings, and prints, and includes Julia Margaret Cameron’s photograph of Alice Liddell.

Shadowline: The Art of Iain McCaig is here at last. At our fall ’07 meeting in Seattle, Iain gave an amusing illustrated walk through his career as a concept artist (perhaps best known for designing the characters—e.g., Darth Maul, Padmé Amidala—in the *Star Wars* prequels), and spoke of his lifelong plan to illustrate the *Alice* books (*KL 79* cover and pp. 2–3). *Shadowline* is framed within a rollicking fantasy tale, and includes five pages of *Alice* drawings in color and black-and-white. Insight Editions, 2008, \$65.

CYBERSPACE

Icon creator website IconShock.com has developed a set of *Alice in Wonderland*-inspired icons for Windows Vista operating system software developers. Alice, the Cheshire Cat with a wonderful grin, the Mad Hatter, and the King and Queen of Hearts are presented in the “Lumina” style, and look a bit like Weebles to my eye. (Do people know what Weebles are anymore?) See <http://tinyurl.com/69ykcb>.

Frank Beddor has added yet another aspect to his *Looking Glass Wars* “empire”: a massive multi-player online (MMO) game called Card Soldier Wars. “Strategize to become the most powerful general in Wonderland and place your queen upon the throne!” See www.cardsoldierwars.com.

“Flo, Grandma, and Bookworm Bernie continue their adventures in the world of fairytales!” Children’s video game *Diner Dash: Through the Cooking Glass...* “features Grandma Hatter presiding over a fantastical yet familiar tea party. She tells Flo that the only way home from Wonderland involves the purchase of a very expensive magic bean. How will Flo get out of this rabbit hole?” See <http://tinyurl.com/6jbpes>.

The *Reel Deal Casino Gold Rush* package, put out by Phantom EFX, includes a computer slot-machine game, “Wonderland,” based on *Alice*. Though the screen shot makes it look a bit sleazy, it’s actually a cute slot game. Many *Alice* quotes are used onscreen and in the sound effects, so someone did at least some homework on this game. The rest of the Gold Rush package has nothing to do with Alice, regrettably: <http://tinyurl.com/6pupsl>, with a screen shot of the game at: <http://tinyurl.com/69xoq6>.

EVENTS, EXHIBITS & PLACES

Sad days in Llandudno. In addition to the Alice in Wonderland Centre closing on September 14, the demolition of Penmorfa began on November 20.

This year the theme of EPCOT's International Food and Wine Festival (September 26 to November 9) was "Cities in Wonderland." Member Daniel Singer reports, "The theme was not very developed, but at least they featured a nice White Rabbit statue at the entrance and a lovely topiary tea-table. They also played the Disney *A/W* musical soundtrack at the park entrance. These elements were the only evidence of the Wonderland theme, unfortunately. In the Magic Kingdom, there were temporary signs announcing a tea party with Alice and friends, so we followed the "treat trail." Several characters were represented as full-sized painted-plywood cut-outs, encouraging us to continue. To our astonishment, the path ended in Tomorrowland with no payoff. We laughed pretty hard, reminded of P. T. Barnum's enticing signs leading visitors to "The Egress." [The treat trail seems to have been part of "Mickey's Not So Scary Halloween Party," open during certain October evenings.—Ed.]

"Dimensions of Wonderland: From Alice's Adventures Under Ground to Beyond the Moon," was exhibited at Kent State University Libraries, Special Collections and Archives, November 1, 2007, to December 14, 2008. This exhibition explored *AA/W* and the many derivative works inspired by the original. The exhibit showcased the evolution of a cultural icon—from the children's story never intended to be published, to the vast and diverse interpretations of Alice through the last one hundred and forty years. Featured were early editions of the book, illustrations by prominent artists, translations, parodies, games, and

artifacts. See www.library.kent.edu/page/14067.

The Lewis Carroll Children's Library at 166 Copenhagen Street, Islington (U.K.) reopened on November 6 after a major refurbish. Although it has no real connection with Lewis Carroll (other than making use of his name), it is decorated with Carroll characters. See <http://tinyurl.com/5mn3sa>.

Every year over a thousand candlelit paper and bamboo lanterns are carried through Baltimore's Patterson Park the Saturday or Sunday before Halloween. Titled "Beware the Jabberwock!," the Great Halloween Lantern Parade had a Lewis Carroll theme this year. "The ghostly procession ends with a shadow puppet drama set to eerie, live music. The show, projected on a 40-foot tall screen, tells a different spooky story every year." See <http://tinyurl.com/6pxdsj>.

On select nights in September, October, and November, Universal Studios Florida theme park is transformed into Halloween Horror Nights. This year the event included "Asylum in Wonderland": "Stepping through the Looking Glass, you find yourself in the depths of Wonderland, journeying through the nightmare that Alice couldn't escape. The wonderful figures you once believed to inhabit this fantastical place have been peering into the Looking Glass themselves, and have come face to face with Bloody Mary!" See <http://tinyurl.com/686g2o>.

A new bar has opened in Wellington, New Zealand: "Alice" is located at the back of (where else?) the Boogie Wonderland nightclub: www.boogiewonderland.co.nz.

Blists Hill Victorian Town, in Ironbridge, Shropshire, U.K., hosted a *AA/W*-themed weekend on July 26 and 27, 2008. Visitors could join the Hatter at the Mad Tea Party, play croquet with the Queen of Hearts, and attend the trial of the Knave of Hearts. Families also could have a go at painting white

plaster roses red, playing with Victorian toys, or following a trail in search of the Cheshire Cat. Further details at www.ironbridge.org.uk.

Whitby (U.K.), the seaside town where LC spent many holidays, has put up a blue plaque commemorating his stays at number five, East Terrace. Known as Barnard's at the time of his stays, the hotel has recently been renamed La Rosa, and the new owners plan to focus their tea room on Carroll's works. "Lewis Carroll plaque set to be unveiled in terrace," November 28, 2008, *Whitby Gazette*, www.whitbygazette.co.uk/news/Lewis-Carroll-plaque-set-to.4738216.jp.

A proposal for "The Alice In Wonderland ecological garden" at the Moray (U.K.) Arts Centre won the vote in the People's Millions television show, thereby winning a donation of £54,000. The funding will pay for the construction of an outside garden art studio where people attending classes can draw and paint flowers, trees, fruit, and vegetables. See www.pressandjournal.co.uk/Article.aspx/959460.

Are you aware that there is now an exclusive celebrity rehab facility in West Hollywood called "Wonderland"? Oh, my ears and whiskers. There's an article about it, and other places like it, in the Dec 1, 2008 *New Yorker*: www.newyorker.com/reporting/2008/12/01/081201fa_fact_fortini.

At Ella's Deli and Ice Cream Parlor in Madison, WI, the decor is definitely the focus of the place, not the food. In addition to various peculiar automata, and a ceiling hung with handmade papier-mâché images of virtually every pop culture character of the twentieth century, there is an extremely large *AA/W*-themed cuckoo clock (about 4 × 5 feet), very impressive in its own odd way, also handmade by a local artisan: www.ellas-deli.com/displays.php.

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MOVIES & TELEVISION

In episode 13 of the anime *Ouran High School Host Club*, Haruhi, one of the main characters, has a dream with the other Host Club members appearing as *Alice* characters: <http://tinyurl.com/5kp2y6>.

“Would you like to get married, *Big Brother Africa* style? The makers of the reality show are offering a fairytale *Alice in Wonderland*-themed wedding to their viewers. In a new twist to the show, contestants are giving a couple the chance to wed in front of the production’s 30 million viewers. And the event will be arranged and staged by the housemates—with the help of ‘Big Brother.’ The competition is open to all fans of the show in all the African countries that have representatives appearing in it. The big day will be November 13 and will be broadcast live on *Big Brother Africa*. Unfortunately, the only guests allowed at the wedding will be the housemates themselves. The rest of the guests will have to settle for seeing it all play out on their television set. All a viewer needs to enter is a valid passport, to be over 21, be legally eligible to marry, and not have been convicted of an offence punishable by imprisonment”—which eliminates the Knave of Hearts. *The Times* (South Africa), October 14, 2008, <http://tinyurl.com/5o2frz>.

From October 3 to November 15, the Northern Gallery for Contemporary Art in Sunderland (U.K.) exhibited “A Gift to Those who Contemplate the Wonders of Cities and the Marvels of Travelling,” which included an *Alice*-related film: “[Mio] Shirai’s new short film, *Forever Afternoon*, re-creates a section of *AAIW*. . . . Shirai allows us to re-read *Alice* in a new way, as a parable of how we experience and assimilate alien cultures and places. Here, *Alice*—played by Shirai—has to learn the rules of engagement of a strange yet familiar

place, rules which are logical, and yet different from our own. The film was shot entirely in locations which Carroll knew and visited in the North East.” See <http://tinyurl.com/55e5o6>.

The Seattle International Film Festival’s Bumbershoot short-film program on August 30 and 31 included two *Alice*-related offerings: *Jab*, “A mixture of live action and 3D photo animation illustrate the weird and beautiful world of Lewis Carroll’s ‘Jabberwocky’” (<http://tinyurl.com/5go3hq>), and *Alice in Not So Wonderland*, “From legendary stop-motion animators the Brothers Quay comes a dark and surreal variation on *AAIW*, in which our puppet heroine suddenly finds herself on the other side of the looking glass, witnessing nightmarish scenes” (<http://tinyurl.com/6zg5om>).

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PERFORMING ARTS

Round House Theatre in Bethesda, MD, staged the world premiere of *Alice*, a new adaptation of *AAIW*, from November 26 to December 28. “Lewis Carroll’s beloved story comes to life in an inventive, magical new production adapted and directed by Mary Hall Surface.” In this reimagined version, *Alice*, upon turning 13, neither child nor adult, is struck with existential angst, symbolized by her constant size changes: <http://tinyurl.com/69nelz>.

Yorkshire’s Indigo Moon Theatre is touring the U.K. with “*Alice and the White Rabbit*”: “Join *Alice* on her magical adventure as she chases the White Rabbit back in time on a fantastic spiraling journey into Wonderland. Watch her change in size in this dream-like shadow adaption. . . . On her journey she meets the Cheshire Cat, a two-legged dragon and the March Hare at the medieval Mad Hatter’s Tea party. . . . ‘*Alice and the White Rabbit*’ celebrates different shadow puppetry techniques and

is inspired by the gothic architecture and medieval times of the original white rabbit statue found in St. Mary’s Church, Beverley, East Yorkshire” (*KL* 71:26). See <http://tinyurl.com/6xs6qp>.

In late August, Philadelphia’s Live Arts Festival and Philly Fringe included the Nicole Canuso Dance Company’s *Wandering Alice*. “*Alice* [is] a curious wanderer who leads audiences through trials, delights, and a sea of unruly memories that color her identity. Inspired by *AAIW* and *The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle* by surrealist novelist Haruki Murakami, *Wandering Alice* will transform Christ Church Neighborhood House into a dreamlike landscape where audiences will be free to watch, wander, get lost, and be found.” See <http://tinyurl.com/589pzz>.

Following last year’s popular *Alice in One-Hit Wonderland* (*KL* 79:26), Burbank’s Falcon Theatre and Troubadour Theatre Company presented *Alice in One-Hit Wonderland 2: Through the Looking Glass* from July 25 to October 12: “No need to Walk 500 Miles for summer fun! Just jump on the Double Dutch Bus to the Falcon and join *Alice* (who in Troubie-land is the wisecracking housekeeper from *The Brady Bunch*), Humpty Dumpty, Tweedledum, Tweedledee, Red Queen and the rest of the wacky Carroll characters as they bebop along to one-time chart toppers of yesteryear.” See <http://tinyurl.com/6g8e78>.

Foolsgold Theatre’s *Alice in Wonderland* toured the U.K. this summer: “Is the rabbit hole a black hole? Is Wonderland a parallel universe? We’re all mad here! Join *Alice* on a magical mystery tour of wacky characters, weird science, and impossible sports as Foolsgold presents a pulsating adaptation of Lewis Carroll’s classic tale for all the family.” Billed as “outdoor walkabout theatre,” Foolsgold played at various venues, including the Williamson Tunnels in

Liverpool, where the audience actually traveled underground along with Alice! See <http://tinyurl.com/5stdtj>.

The Music Center of Los Angeles County presented the 2008 Toy Theatre Festival on June 14 and 15, 2008, at Walt Disney Concert Hall, with Alison Heimstead and Sibyl O'Malley's *Alice in Wonderland* performed eight times over the two days: <http://tinyurl.com/5ebqzh>.

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THINGS

Jan Padover's fine deck of playing cards festooned with colored Tenniel illustrations and quotes from *Wonderland* (*KL* 79:55) has been updated with text corrections and a new blue back (the old one was red). See www.prosperoart.com/alice_1. Be sure to specify the back color when ordering.

Minnie Maria, an English company, is producing a set of hand-painted pewter miniatures based on the *Alice* illustrations of Arthur Rackham, possibly the first time this has been done. The first figures are of two scenes, Alice and the Caterpillar, and Alice encounters the White Rabbit. The Caterpillar and the mushroom are separate pieces that fit together well, stand approximately 3" high, and are priced at £31 for the pair, while the Alice (when she is small) that goes with this scene is 1.5" high and costs £17. The White Rabbit is 2" high and is magnificent, with his coat flared out behind him. Don't be late, he is £25. The compatible Alice for this scene is about 1.75" tall. All of the figures come in a variety of color combinations. See <http://tinyurl.com/6bzgog> or contact Joel Birenbaum at joelbirenbaum@comcast.net.

If you want to add a bit of madness to your next tea party, you can't go far wrong with this stackable teacup vase. The cups can be taken apart and stacked in different ways, yet don't leak! See <http://tinyurl.com/5rmwgl>.

Fans of the Black Phoenix Alchemy Lab's perfume, particularly the Mad Tea Party collection (<http://tinyurl.com/grws>), will be pleased with sister company Black Phoenix Trading Post's hand-cast sterling silver perfume pendants based on Tenniel's illustrations of the Cheshire Cat, the Queen of Hearts, the Mad Hatter, and the White Rabbit: <http://tinyurl.com/564s4c>. Charles Stephan and Elf Doll will be releasing a new set of "Cherry Blossom" pig-headed dolls. Alice, Billie, Edward, Victoria, Ian, and Julia are dressed up as Alice, the White Rabbit, the Mad Hatter, the Queen of Hearts, Tweedledee, and Tweedledum, respectively. But no pig baby! See <http://tinyurl.com/6y7dxo>.

Check out Yasmin Sethi's Alice-inspired chess set! "Inspired by [*Through the Looking-Glass*], the chess pieces have an opaque mirror finish, when they touch the surface of the board they magically turn transparent and reveal the identity of the piece contained inside them. When removed from the board they revert to being opaque, hiding the identity of the piece. This is a comment on how a chess piece has no value unless it is in play on the board... the White Knight only works when placed upside down, a reference to the book where the White Knight talks about how he thinks better when he is upside down." Designed in response to a brief set by Schott UK Ltd. for final-year students of Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, one hopes that it will soon be on the market! See <http://tinyurl.com/5pwcrt>.

Storytailors (www.storytailors.pt), a clothing store in Lisbon, Portugal, specializes in "literary-sartorial mash-ups," including "E.L.A(lice) and Ela (Queen of Roses)," a tale of a schizophrenic girl that mixes elements of *AAIW* and a Portuguese folktale about a queen who transforms roses into bread for the poor. Other *Alice*-inspired clothing

lines include "dressing fairytales"/"historias para vestir" (<http://fairytales.bigcartel.com>), which has several dresses for little girls made with very colorful *AAIW* fabric, and designer Charles Anastase (www.charlesanastase1979.com), who has a dress for grown-up girls with a black and white Tenniel design.

The many faces of Alice: Dollmasters' 2008/09 catalog features a doll for every taste and pocketbook: (1) Nancy Ann Storybook Dolls' *Alice Through the Look [sic] Glass* newly designed by artist Dianna Effner. Alice wears a replica of her 1940s Nancy Ann costume and costs \$93; (2) a Madame Alexander Little Children *Alice in Wonderland* doll for \$49; (3) hand-painted Alice and Cheshire Cat wooden figurines from Xenis Collection (\$950 for the pair); (4) R. John Wright's limited-edition felt Alice for \$1450; (5) an appealing Alice at the Tea Party chess set by Lucia Friederichy (one of a kind) for \$6500. See www.dollmasters.com.

The Unemployed Philosopher's Guild (www.philosophersguild.com, search under "Lewis Carroll") has a variety of *Alice*-inspired gifts, including cards, a mug with a disappearing Cheshire Cat, Alice's Enchantmints (buy two...one to eat and one to keep in, er, mint condition), and an item of vital importance to all *KL* editors, a pill box decorated with the Mad Hatter and the words "Meds or Madness!"

Two *Alice* calendars are available to make sure you aren't late in the new year: "Alice in Wonderland: The Official 2009 Calendar" (Europe 2, ISBN 978-1843377252) uses the colored Tenniel illustrations of the *Nursery Alice*, courtesy of the British Library, while the Zenescope (www.zenescope.com) Wonderland 2009 Calendar uses the illustrations from their horror/cheesecake comic series, *Beyond Wonderland*, *Tales From Wonderland*, and *Return to Wonderland*.



SO IT SEEMS.

Policeman. "STOP, SIR! STOP! YOU MUSTN'T GALLOP HERE!"

Irish Gent. "ME DEAR BOY, THE ANIMAL'S NOT AMAYNABLE TO THE BIT!"

ATALANTA IN CAMDEN TOWN.

Ay! 'twas here, on this spot,
In that summer of yore,
ATALANTA did not
Vote my presence a bore,
Nor reply to my tenderest talk "She had heard
all that nonsense before."

She'd the brooch I had bought,
And the necklace and sash on;
And her heart, as I thought,
Was alive to my passion;
And she'd done up her hair in the style that
the EMPRESS had brought into fashion.

I had been to the play
With my beautiful Peri,
But for all I could say,
She declared she was weary,
That the place was so crowded and hot, and she "couldn't
abide that Dundreary."

Then I thought, "'Tis for me
That she whines and she whimpers;"
And it thrilled me to see
Those sensational simpers;
And I said, "This is scrumptious!" a phrase I had
learned from the Devonshire shrimpers.

And I vowed, "'Twill be said
I'm a fortunate fellow,
When the breakfast is spread—
When the toppers are mellow—
When the foam of the bride-cake is white, and the fierce
orange-blossoms are mellow."

Oh, that languishing yawn!
Those emotional eyes!
I was drunk with the dawn
Of a splendid surmise—
I was stung by a serpentine smile, and tossed
on a tempest of sighs.

And I murmured, "I guess
The sweet secret thou keepest,
And the dainty distress
That thou wistfully weepest;
And the question is 'Licence or Banns?' though
undoubtedly Banns are the cheapest."

Then her white hand I clasped,
And with kisses I crowned it;
But she glared and she gasped,
And she muttered "Confound it!"
Or at least it was something like that, but
the noise of the omnibus drowned it.

A Ritualistic Misprint.

A CONTEMPORARY observes that, in one of the journals for the past week, we are told of "the undoubted success of the Ritualists in gaining the masses." This is just the mendacious language of puffing advertisements. The success of the Ritualists in gaining the masses is more than doubted; it is denied. The statement that they succeed in gaining the masses can only be made true by taking the letter *m* away from the word masses. They ape the Mass, but do not gain the masses, and those whom they do gain are stupid asses.

THE REAL MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES TO OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.—St. Swithin, and be Cust to him! (*No offence to SIR EDWARD, we hope.*)

